

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1563.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1847.

PRICE 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HOMES OF THE POETS.

Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets.
By William Howitt. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

In favour of this work, we have to say that which can be said of few of its class in the general run of our book-making and compiling age, viz. that it is *bond fide*, and the information not only thoroughly read for, but actively sought by personal travel and exertion, and the whole digested with ability and care. Nothing more could be done by an author; and therefore nothing is left for a critic to remark upon but the manner in which the task has been performed, and the value of the opinions given upon the subjects in hand. To scrutinise these would far exceed any possible limit we could afford in our page, as it would, indeed, require the examination of every memoir, from Chaucer to the Poets of the present day, to do justice to Mr. Howitt's lucubrations in inquiring into the facts, and in delivering his judgment upon the productions of those whose homes and haunts he has explored. Let us therefore content ourselves with heartily commending his diligence and bearing witness to his talent, without committing ourselves, either one way or other, to his estimates of characters or writings; especially as we observe, in several instances at least, that we differ essentially from these dicta.

A prefix notices the omission of the dramatic poets from the present issue, in consequence of the extent to which their introduction must have carried it; and we presume they will form, with other additions, a separate publication; and it is further explained, that as the work is not strictly biographical, there are some poets of considerable eminence of whom small mention is comparatively made, and of others none at all, "because there is little or nothing of deep interest or novelty connected with their homes and abodes." In a few of the chosen, it may be remarked, there is not very much of either deep interest or novelty, for it was in truth impossible to find either, and the book opens with this confession, engrafted on the name of Geoffrey Chaucer:

"The first thing which forcibly strikes our attention in tracing the homes and haunts of the poets, is the devastation which time has made amongst them. As if he would indemnify himself for the degree of exemption from his influence in their works, he lays waste their homes, and annihilates the traces of their haunts, with an active and a relentless hand. If this is startlingly apparent in the cases of those even who have been our cotemporaries, how much more must it be so in the cases of those who have gone hence centuries ago. We begin with the father of our truly English poetry, the genial old Geoffrey Chaucer; and, spite of the lives which have been written of him, Tyrwhitt tells us that just nothing is really known of him. The whole of his account of what he considers well-authenticated facts regarding him amounts to but twelve pages, including notes and comments. The facts themselves do not fill more than four pages."

We cannot say that we are startled by the circumstances here stated. What should preserve the houses of authors for posterity, seeing that authors themselves are so little regarded? what should give fame to their tenements or whereabouts, when their living bodies and souls are uncared for by all contemporary life?

From Chaucer we pass through a goodly galaxy of names, till we come to Thomson, Goldsmith, Enlarged 53.]

Burns, Cowper, Mrs. Tighe, Keats, Shelley, and Byron, with whom the first volume closes. Of Thomson we read:

"The author of 'The Seasons' was born at Ednam, a couple of miles or so from Kelso, on the 11th of September, 1700. His father was the minister of the parish, and it was intended to bring him up to the same profession. The early childhood only of Thomson was spent here, for his father removed to Southdean, near Jedburgh, having obtained the living of that place. Ednam has nothing poetical about it. It lies in a rich farming country of ordinary features. The scenery is flat, and the village by no means picturesque. It consists of a few farmhouses, and long rows of hinds' cottages. David Macbeth Moir, the 'Delta' of *Blackwood's Magazine*, described the place some years ago in these lines:

'A rural church; some scattered cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer-sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliage beauty; of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.'

Yet even this description is too favourable. It would induce us to believe that the spot had something of the picturesque: it has nothing of it. The streamlet sings little even to itself through that flat district; the mossy bridge has given way to a good substantial but unpoetical stone one. The landscape is by no means over-enriched by fine trees. There are some limes, I believe they are, in the churchyard. The old church has been pulled down since Thomson's time, and the new one now standing is a poor barn-like affair, with a belfry that would do for a pigeon-cote. The manse in which the poet was born has also disappeared, and a new, square, unpicturesque one been built upon the site. Perhaps no class of people have less of the poetical or the picturesque in them than the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland. The hard, dry, stern Calvinism imparted by John Knox has effectually expelled all that. The country people of Scotland are generally intelligent, and have a taste for poetry and literature; but to a certainty they do not derive this from their clergy. In no country have I found the parish clergy so ignorant of general literature, or so unacquainted with any thing that is going on in the world, except the polemics of their own church. The cargo of *Geneva* which Knox imported has operated on the religious feeling of Scotland worse than any gin or whisky on its moral or physical condition. It is a *spirit* as unlike Christianity as possible. One is all love and tenderness; the other all bitterness and hardness:—the one is gentle and tolerant; the other fierce and intolerant:—the one careless of form, so that the life and soul of charity and piety are preserved; the other is all form and doctrine—doctrine, hard, metaphysical, rigid, and damnable. On the borders, too, in many places, the very people seem to me more ignorant and stupid than is the wont of Scotland; they would match the Surrey chopsticks or Essex calves of England.

"I walked over from Kelso on the Sunday morning to Ednam. The people were collected about the church door, waiting for the time of service. I thought it a good opportunity to hear something of the traditions of the country about Thomson. Nobody could tell me any thing. So little idea had they of a poet, that they informed me that another poet had been born there besides Thomson. I asked whom that might be? They said, 'One

White, a decrepit old man, who used to write under the trees of the churchyard;' and this they thought having another poet! Such—as we are often obliged to exclaim—is fame! An old woman, into whose cottage I stepped on returning, to avoid a shower, was more intelligent. She told me that her mother had lived at the old manse, and frequently heard what had been told to inquirers. The manse in which Thomson was born, she said, was of mud; and he was born in the parlour, which had a bed in a recess concealed by a curtain. The present minister is the son of a saddler at Hawick. I stayed the service, or at least nearly three hours of it. It is the odd custom of many country places in Scotland, where the people have too far to come to be able to do it twice in the day, to actually have two services performed all at one sitting. With that attention to mere rigid formality which this Calvinism has introduced, that task-work holiness which teaches that God's wrath will be aroused if they do not go through a certain number of prayers, sermons, and ceremonies in the day, they have the morning and afternoon services all at once. There were, therefore, two enormously long sermons, three prayers, three singings, and, to make worse of it, the sermons consisted of such a mass of doctrinal stubble, as filled me with astonishment that such actual rubbish, and worse than rubbish, could at the present day be inflicted on any patient and unoffending people. What a gross perversion and misconception of Christianity is this! How my heart bled at the very idea that the state paid and upheld this system, by which the people were not blessed with the pure, simple, and benign knowledge of that simplest, most beautiful, and love-inspiring of all systems, Christianity, but were actually cursed with the drawing of the horrid furze-bushes of school divinity and Calvinistic damnation across their naked consciences.

"Imagine a company of hard-working and careworn peasants, coming for five or ten miles on a Sunday to listen to such chopped-straw preaching as this. The sermons were to prove that the temptation of Christ in the wilderness was a *bond fide* and actual history. And first, the preacher told them what profound subtlety the temptations of Satan shewed, such as advising Christ after forty days' fast to cause the stones to be made bread; as if Christ could not have done that if he needed, without the devil's suggestion. And then he told them that Christ was God himself; so that the devil, knowing that, instead of shewing such profound subtlety, must have been a very daft devil indeed to try to tempt him at all. Poor people! of all the beautiful sayings and doings in the life of our Saviour; of all the divine precepts which he peculiarly brought down from heaven for the especial consolation and invigoration of the poor; of all the deeds and the expressions of an infinite love; of all those teachings that 'the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath'; of all the gracious declarations, that it was not by doctrine and cunningly devised fables, but by the great spirit of love—love to God and to one another, and by keeping his commandments, that we are to be saved, was there nothing that could be dealt out to you? Could your dry and thirsting spirits receive nothing but this dry and musty fodder of sectarian disquisition? Oh, how much better were one simple word of genuine feeling from the most unlettered preacher on a bare hill-side!

"My only wonder was, to find any body in the church at all; for I thought I must have met the

whole village going to Kelso, where they have eight different sects, the most zealous of all being the Free Church. It is only by a passage through Scotland that you get a living idea of what a movement the movement of this Free Church has been. In every town, from the extremest south to the extremest north, you see free churches rising or arisen. Even in little Melrose there is a large one; and I observed that they built them as near on all occasions as possible to the established one, and, if compassable, exactly opposite. Indeed, I have been told that land has, in many instances, been offered gratuitously to build a free church upon, and has been refused because it was not opposite to the established one. Such is the fruit of an establishment in Scotland, and such were the evidences of its teachings in Ednam. How different to the fine, genial, and genuine faith of James Thomson!

This quotation will illustrate the discursive nature of the work, and also the rapidity with which the author leaps at conclusions. We think him quite mistaken in attributing stupidity to the population of the Borders; and the inferences from the ignorance of some poor old women in Ednam, where a Thomson had not been seen for twenty or thirty years before they were born, are not so well sustained as sound argument would demand. But we pass from Scotland to a still more curious description in Ireland, whither the author travelled (as he did in other cases) to ascertain all that he could relating to Mrs. Tighe. On his journey, he tells:

"At the bridge, where the first meeting of the waters takes place, that is, the meeting of the two streams, Avonbeg and Avonmore, which thence become the Avoca, the driver of the car said, 'Perhaps your honour knows that this is the meeting of the waters. It was here that Moore made his speech!' But the most striking meeting to us was, a meeting with a great number of one-horse carts, those of miners, with whom this vale abounds. They were coming up from a market at Avoca, just below, and they took no more notice of being just all in our way than if we were not there. The driver shouted, but in vain; and it was only by using his whip over them till he broke off the lash that he could get a passage. When they did draw out of the way, it was always purposely to the wrong side. The fact is, they were all drunk, and seemed to have a very animal doggedness of disposition about them. The Wooden Bridge Inn at the bottom of the vale, and at the commencement of the vale of Arklow, and the place of the second meeting of the waters, is the great resort of travellers. The scene here has great softness. A bend of the valley, an opening of rich meadow, surrounded by hills thickly clothed with foliage, and the rivers running on to their meeting, give a feeling of great and quiet seclusion. Here I posted, as I have said, across Carlow to Kilkenny, and to Woodstock. But at Rosanna and at Woodstock, my hope of obtaining some information regarding Mrs. Tighe,—of seeing some painting or other object connected with her, was, with one exception, thoroughly frustrated. Mrs. Tighe was an angel; of her successors I have somewhat more to say. In all my visits to remarkable places in England, I have received the utmost courtesy from the proprietors of those houses and scenes which it was my object to see. In those where I was anxious to obtain sight of relics of celebrated persons of antiquity not ordinarily shewn to the public, I have written to the owner to request opportunity of examining them. In such cases, noblemen of the highest rank have not, in a single instance, shewn the slightest reluctance to contribute to that information which was for the public. In some cases, they have themselves gone down into the country to give me the meeting, and thrown open private cabinets, and the like depositories of rare objects, with the most active liberality. In every other case, so invariably have I found the most obliging facilities given for the prosecution of my inquiries, that I have long ceased to carry a letter of intro-

duction; my name of twenty-three years' standing before the public being considered warranty enough. I found it equally so in Ireland, except with the Tighe's.

"At Rosanna, Mr. Dan Tighe, as the people familiarly call him, certainly not Danté, was pointed out to me by a workman, walking in a meadow before his house, handling his bullocks which grazed there. On asking the servant who came to the door whether Mr. Tighe was at home, he first, as a perfect tactician, requested my name, and he would see. I gave him my card; and though he could see his master as well as I could in the meadow, to whom I directed his attention, he very solemnly marched into the house, and returned, saying he was not in: a self-evident truth. I inquired if Mrs. Tighe was at home, explaining that I had come from England, and for what object. He said, 'yes; but she was *lying in*, and could see no one.' I then inquired when Mr. Tighe might be expected in, as I should much regret losing the opportunity of learning from him any particulars connected with my present inquiry. 'He could not say;—most likely at six o'clock, his dinner-hour.' I promised to call on my way towards Avoca, about half an hour before that time, that I might not interfere with Mr. Tighe's dinner-hour. I did so. Mr. Tighe was now standing in his field, not a hundred yards from his house. As soon as the servant appeared, he assured me Mr. Tighe was not at home, he could not tell where he was. I immediately directed his attention to where he stood looking at some men at work. The man did not choose to see him; and under the circumstances, it was not for me to advance and address him. It was evident that the man had his cue; the master did not choose to be seen. I therefore mounted my car, and ordered the driver to drive off. The spirit of the place was palpable. A willing master makes a willing man; but on this man's nose sat perched that solemn lie that is unmistakable. Well, as Mr. Tighe was *walking out*, and Mrs. Tighe was *lying in*, I bade adieu to Rosanna not much wiser for my visit;—but then there was Woodstock.

"I drove fifty miles across the country, and found myself at the door of Woodstock. Woodstock is a show-house; and here, therefore, I anticipated no difficulty of at least obtaining a sight of portrait or statue of the late charming poetess. But unfortunately—what in England would have been most fortunate—Mr. Tighe was at home; and the servant on opening the door at once informed me that the house was never shewn when the family was there. Having written on my card what was my object, that I had made the journey from England for it, and added the name of a gentleman well known to Mr. Tighe, who had wished me to do so, I requested the servant to present that to Mr. Tighe. He did so; and returned, saying, 'Mr. Tighe said I was at liberty to see the grounds, but not the house; and he had nothing further to say!' My astonishment may be imagined. The servant seemed a very decent, modest sort of fellow, and I said, 'Good heavens! does Mr. Tighe think I am come all the way from England to see his grounds, when ten thousand country squires could shew much finer? Was there no picture of Mrs. Tighe the poetess that I might be allowed to see?' 'He thought not; he did not know.' 'Was there no statue?' 'He thought not; he never heard of any.' 'How long had he been there?' 'Five years.' 'And never heard of a statue or a monument to Mrs. Tighe the poetess?' 'No, never! He had never heard Mrs. Tighe the poetess spoken of in the family! But if there were any monument, it must be at the church at Innertouque!' I thanked him for his intelligence, the only glimpse of information I had got at Rosanna or Woodstock, and drove off. The matter was now clear. The very servants who had lived years in the family had never heard the name of Mrs. Tighe the poetess mentioned! These present Tighe's had been marrying the daughters of lords—this a daughter of the Duke of Richmond's, and Dan

Tighe a daughter of Lord Crofton. They were ashamed, probably, that any of their name should have degraded himself by writing poetry, which a man or woman without an acre may do. When I reached the church at Innertouque, the matter received a most striking confirmation. There, sure enough, was a monument, in a small mausoleum in the churchyard. It is a recumbent figure, laid on a granite altar-shaped basement. The figure is of a freestone resembling Portland stone, and is lying on its side as on a sofa, being said, by the person who shewed it, to be the position in which she died on coming in from a walk. The execution of the whole is very ordinary; and if really by Flaxman, displays none of his genius. I have seen much better things by a common stonemason. There is a little angel sitting at the head, but this has never been fastened down by cement. The monument was, no doubt, erected by the widower of the poetess, who was a man of classical taste, and, I believe, much attached to her. There is no inscription yet put upon the tomb, though one, said to be written by her husband, has long been cut in stone for the purpose. In the wall at the back of the monument, aloft, there is an oblong-square hole left for this inscription, which I understood was lying about at the house, but no single effort had been made to put it up, though it would not require an hour's work, and though Mrs. Tighe has been dead six-and-thirty years. This was decisive. If these two gentlemen, nephews of the poetess, who are enjoying the two splendid estates of the family, Woodstock and Rosanna, shew thus little respect to the only one of their name that ever lifted it above the mob, it is not to be expected that they will shew much courtesy to strangers. Well is it that Mrs. Tighe raised her own monument, that of immortal verse, and wrote her own epitaph, in the hearts of all the pure and loving, not on a stone which sordid relatives, still fonder of earth than stone, may consign to the oblivion of a lumber-room.

"That these nephews of the poetess do look after the earth which her husband left behind him, though not after the stone, I learned while waiting in the village for the sexton. I fell into conversation with the woman at the cottage by which I stood. It was as follows:—*Self*. 'Well, your landlord has a fine estate here. I hope he is good to you.' *Woman*. 'Well, your honour, very good, very good.'—*S*. 'Very good? What do you call very good? I find English and Irish notions of goodness don't always agree.' *W*. 'Well, your honour, we may say he is mixed; mixed, your honour.'—*S*. 'How mixed?' *W*. 'Why, your honour, you see I can't say that he was very good to me.'—*S*. 'How was that?' *W*. 'Why, your honour, we were backward in our rent, and the squire sent for my husband, and told him that if he did not pay all next quarter he would sell us up. My husband begged he would give him a little more time, as a neighbour said he had some money left him, and would take part of our land at a good rent, and then we should be able to pay: but now we got little, and the children were many, and it was hard to meet and tie.' 'Oh,' said the squire; 'if you are going to get all that money, you will be able to pay more rent. I must have two pounds a year more.'—*S*. 'Gracious heaven! But, surely, he did not do such a thing?' *W*. 'But he did it, your honour. The neighbour had no money, it was a hum; he never took the field of us at all; we never were able to get a penny more from any one than we gave; but when my husband went to pay the rent at the next rent-day, the steward would not take it. He said he had orders to have two pounds a year more; and from that day we have had it regularly to pay.'

"What a fall out of the poetry of Psyche to the iron realities of Ireland. This screwing system on the poor, which you find almost every where, soon makes us cease to wonder at the wretchedness and the wild outrages of the people there. At one splendid place where I was, the lord of the estate

and the gentry were all bowling away on the Sunday morning to a church three miles distant. When I asked why they did not stay at their own, this was the reply: 'The clergyman had given great offence, by saying in one of his sermons, that their dogs were better lodged and fed than their neighbours.' Poor Ireland! where such is the distortion of circumstances, that the poor are too poor to have the truth told about them to ears polite even from the pulpit; and where the squirearchy live in splendid houses, and in state emulating the peerage, surrounded by hovels and wretchedness, such as the world besides cannot parallel. The condition of Ireland is fatal in its effects on all classes. The poor are reduced to a misery that is the amazement of the whole world; and the squirearchy, who live in daily contemplation of this misery, are rendered utterly callous to it. They go on putting on the screw of high rental to the utmost limit, and surrounded, as it were, only by serfs, naturally grow selfish beyond our conceptions in England, haughty, and ungracious. I believe that no country, except Russia, can furnish such revolting examples of ignorant and churlish insolence as Ireland can from the ranks of its solitary squirearchy—so utterly opposed to the generally generous, courteous, and hospitable character of its people."

It will be seen from this that Mr. Howitt is not very mealy-mouthed when thwarted; and his temper may be more understood from what we must reserve for our next Number.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S AMERICAN TRAVELS.

A Canoe Voyage up the Sources of the Minnay Sotor, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., &c. Bentley.

THE approbation bestowed on Mr. Featherstonhaugh's work, the *Excursion in the Slave States*, has probably led to this sequel, the chief novelty in which, extensive as the route and otherwise interesting as the statements may be, refers to his ascent of the Minnay Sotor, or St. Peter's River, an upper tributary to the Mississippi, very little explored or described since first visited by Carver in 1778. Having reached the Côteau de Prairie, whence the rivers on one side descend to the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other to Hudson's Bay, he had a right to tell us about all he saw there. But he has also related much of his long course and geological surveys from Washington to Detroit, up Lake Huron, across the top of Michigan, by Winebag to the Mississippi, up that river and Lake Pepin (a part of it) to Fort Snelling, thence to St. Peter's River, and up to Lake Traversa, by the Côteau already mentioned, and out of which the Red River flows towards the north; and also of his return down the Mississippi and up the Tennessee, and thence across Carolina to Washington; in which there is much geological information, and accounts of mines and metallic wealth may hereafter be framed. But the changes in America are so great and rapid, that it is not judicious to brood over the information you gather there ten years before you publish it; and our author must bear the mortification of having had Catlin and others who were long after him before him, so as to have forestalled him in many things and anticipated public curiosity. Seeing this, and that amid a rather prevailing dryness, not agreeably diversified by some instances of bad taste, in pseudo-facetic descriptions of nasty Indian habits, we will carry our readers at once to the Summit Lands, from which to offer such illustrations as recommend themselves to us in vol. I.

We may, however, quote as preliminary what is said about Col. (now General) Taylor, the commander in the Mexican invasion, when met by our traveller at Prairie du Chien:

"I had (he tells) become so accustomed to the independent feelings of a traveller in Indian lands, carrying my own comforts and my own little world along with me, and sure of my own rude, but clean, bed

at night, that I felt shy at communicating with this post at Prairie du Chien, where I was more certain to meet with some of the restraints of society than to find greater pleasures than I knew how to procure for myself. The scene, however, before me was a pleasing one; and some of the officers of the garrison coming down to the beach to learn who we were, I landed, and was conducted by them to their quarters in an extensive quadrangle in the fort. Here I had a commodious room assigned to me; and almost immediately afterwards, that most respectable and gentlemanly officer, Colonel Taylor, the commandant, called upon me and offered all the services in his power. It is impossible to express by words how much a traveller in these rude countries is touched by such attentions. * * *

"After breakfast, whilst I was occupied in answering my letters, Colonel T. called and sat an hour with me, conversing about the state of this part of the country, and the condition of the Indians. Being a Virginian of independent fortune, who chooses to remain in the army only because he is attached to the profession, his manners, like those of many of the superior officers of the American army, who are men of education, inspire great respect."

With the Sioux, Mahcotahs, and other tribes (or their likenesses) we have since made such acquaintance in the London exhibitions, that we refrain from the author's descriptions of them, particularly at home. His own gang of Canadian "helps" were hardly more civilised; and the whole might well be designated brutal and savage society, enough to affect a gentleman with some spice of vulgarity. At one place we are informed:

"In the scalp-dance, however, the day of my arrival, the men, after praising themselves, broke out into a most exaggerated eulogium of the unfortunate devils whose scalps were the subject of their triumph: they were the bravest men that ever lived; the prodigies of valour they were famed for were unutterable; and of course the heroes who could subdue these Hectors were equal to Achilles. In this particular case, however, Milor informed me that two of the scalps had belonged to a couple of Indians that had been shot from an ambush, and that the third had been taken from a woman who was with them, and whom they had tomahawked; so that poor savage nature, with all the virtues that some writers have imputed to it, makes but a sad figure in a fair estimate of human worth. From the experience I have had of the unwashed masses of mankind, I am inclined to think that real virtue is a very great stranger in all those strata of society where that inestimable blessing, education, is wanting, and which is so essential to raise man above the condition of the Indian."

Another more experienced opinion of them may be got from the following extract:

"Having had a comfortable wash, I went to see Mr. or Dr. Williamson, who was here both in the capacity of missionary and apothecary, and found with him an out-and-out western Yankee of the name of Huggins, an odd, long-legged, sharp-faced, asparagus-looking animal, every portion of his body being as narrow as the head he bore at the top of it. This fellow being rather in the pious line, and professing to know something about farming, the missionary had brought him from Illinois to raise corn and vegetables, as well as to assist him in his other labours; but he was such an original, that the missionary himself stood no chance of being noticed where he was. I never saw a Yankee that so completely came up to those quaint, drawing, vulgar Jonathans, the idea of which is now so general. He always called the Indians 'critturs,' had got all their interjections and grunts, and used them instead of 'Yes' and 'No.' He certainly knew more about the Indians than the missionary did, and was more constantly amongst them. Mr. Williamson was married, and had a motive for remaining at home; but Huggins, who was alone in the world, was in the habit of walking into the teepees without ceremony, and

sitting down, would take his psalm-book and sing a few verses to the Indians, so that the women had got accustomed to him, and rather liked him. 'Some folks is considerable curious,' he once said to me, 'to find out whar these ignorant critturs come from. I am as sartin as death that they are the old Philistines of the Scriptures: they can't be the lost tribe of the Jews, becase whar onder arth is their birds (beards) gone?' I asked him why he had not taken a young Indian girl to wife? 'Stranger,' said he, 'I allow them har young painted Jizzabuls aint just up to missionarying.'"

There is a delicate story of Mr. F. (merely for curiosity's sake, and to learn their customs) having negotiated for a wife for himself—a very handsome young squaw, and most unlike another civilised female of whom he says:

"The same morning, at the public breakfast-table at the hotel, there was a very pretty woman, who, apparently, had not had many of its advantages, stuffing in onions and an immense quantity of nasty-looking trash for her breakfast. I thought I would rather be married to a she codfish, as there would be some chance of her being caught."

Not like her does he paint the fair, black, red, and charmingly vermilioned though dirty-blanketted Indian girl.

"It appeared (he confesseth) that some of the squaws had taken it into their heads that I was going to return to Lacqui Parle from the Côteau du Prairie, to stay all the winter; and they had come to the conclusion, that, if I wintered there, I must have a wife to take care of my tent, and be very agreeable. Milor had been consulted, and had promised one of the squaws to deliver a message on her part, which was, that if I would make her a present, she would arrange that very important matter for me. I told Milor that really it was uncertain how the journey would end; but for the sake of amusement I wished he would desire her to point out to me which of the squaws she thought a suitable companion, and how much I should have to pay for her. In commencing a negotiation for marriage amongst the Indians, the custom is reversed from that which obtains in civilised society; and, instead of asking how much the lady will bring towards making the pot boil, you ask how much you are to give for her to boil your pot. Amongst these simple people the ladies have no fortune, 'et les Messieurs font tous les frais de leur bonheur.' Milor came back in half an hour, and said there was the daughter of a chief called the *Prairie on Fire*, (it would have been an odd name for the daughter), that was *washtay* ('good') in every sense of the word; that I probably remembered her, for I had given her a handkerchief, and when I spoke to her she had laughed. I told Milor I had given so many away, that I could not remember who had gotten them; upon which he asked me if I did not remember a young girl, with large vermilion spots on her cheeks, that sometimes walked with Renville's daughters. I now remembered her as one of the exclusives of the nation, a belle, in fact, of the first order, and a match only for a considerable personage. I became curious to know, therefore, upon what terms an alliance could be formed with the aristocratic daughter of the *Prairie on Fire*. Milor now said that the squaw had informed him that I should first* have to give her two pair of blankets as the negotiator; then three pair of the very best blankets to the young lady's mother; fifteen pound of tobacco to her brother; a rifle and a horse to her father; and that, as she was his daughter, it would be expected I should make him a present of six rat-traps besides. This, I suppose, would be a fair settlement upon a young squaw of the first pretensions; but settlement it is not, in the proper sense of the word; for no part of it goes for the use of the girl herself. If

* "This provident disposition seems to be universal in the United States; for in all trials for small debts in the townships of the northern states, when the magistrate asks the jury, 'Gentlemen, who do you find for?' the foreman answers, 'We find *first* for ourselves!' which is sixpence for each of the jury at every trial."

she has any particular good qualities, every member of the family sponges out of the *future* as much as he can get; and, indeed, it is stipulated that all the children in the family are to have something or other; and all this without the slightest return; for when the purchase-money is paid, the mother of the bride takes her to the tent she is to inhabit, with nothing but a dirty blanket thrown over her shoulders, and turns her into it in the same state that the worms go to their mates."

We are assured that the affair went no farther.

What follow are the most interesting points we can select from the elevated extremity of the journey. He was informed "that the Côteau du Prairie was a beautiful upland country, containing an immense number of small lakes, some of which contained well-wooded islands, where the Indians in the season take great quantities of musk-rats. These animals, he assured me, sometimes migrate, and are often met at such times on the prairies in incredible numbers. I have very little doubt of the truth of his statement; for all the American animals, both large and small, possess—what is most probably an acquired intelligence—the sense of bettering their condition by emigrating from districts where their food is becoming scarce. I remember, when in the Indian country in Upper Canada in 1807, meeting with the most surprising quantities of fine glossy black-skinned squirrels, with singularly beautiful bushy tails: they had spread over an immense district of country, and were evidently advancing from Lake Huron to the south. This man further informed me that three days' march upon the Côteau—which is only five leagues from Lake Travers—would bring me to the river *Chagndaskah*, or 'White Wood,' a tributary of the Missouri, which has been named by the French *Rivière Jacques*; and that four days' further would bring me to the Missouri. Upon one of the day's march no water could be met with. The Shayanne river was only two days from Lake Travers; and *Pembindau*, or 'Red River,' where the British colony is, could be reached in ten days. All this was prairie country, with occasional trees and small lakes. The information was very interesting, as none of us had any practical knowledge of the country; and after conversing a little more with him, I started with my hammer to look for rocks in place, and to consider with myself what it was best to do, in what direction to advance, or whether to advance or return, being somewhat disconcerted by the fact that all the upland water of the country was stagnant, and that probably in most instances we should find the lakes desiccated. It was a great object with me to advance to the Missouri; and so great was my anxiety, that I returned to my quarters earlier than I intended, to consult Milor.

"After acquiring as much information as I could at this trading post, I ordered the baggage and tent to be placed once more in the *charette*, and, remounting my mare, turned our faces to the Côteau du Prairie, shaping my course to the south end of Lake Travers, where there is a valley about one mile wide, down which its waters pass in the rainy season to Big Stone Lake" [which is a source of the St. Peter's River, running to the Mississippi; so close are these divergent sources!]. "Here we found the prairie completely black, having been thoroughly burnt over; and soon we came to where the ground was strewn over with countless bleached skeletons of buffaloes. The poor improvident Indians, when they meet with powerful herds of these animals, and have a favourable opportunity of destroying them, kill as many as they can, frequently several hundreds in a day, and all for the sake of the skins, with which they liquidate their debts to the insatiable trader, leaving the carcasses to rot on the ground, and afford food to the prairie wolves. This had been the scene of one of these buffalo battues."

The highest ground is described during the several rides our author took over it; but there is nothing of sufficient importance to require quotation.

There were no buffaloes; but he saw a black martin, an antelope, a prairie wolf, and some brown plovers; and on the lakes and rivers the quantity of wild fowl was incalculable.

THE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

The English Matron. By the Author of "The English Gentlewoman." Pp. 242. Colburn.

AN English Gentlewoman is a person of no consequence whatever when compared with an English Matron; unless, perhaps, we consider excellence in the one as the best preparation for excellence in the other. But the task of laying down rules for the latter is far the most important. Two qualifications are essential for the author: first, sound common sense; second, the talent for acute observation. Out of these are compacted a deep insight into nature, and wise liberality of construction. To all which we may add the necessity of experience; and hence the fine Ideal of character, approaching as near as possible to human perfection, which the writer is enabled to set before the world.

The value of such a work, executed as it ought to be, is incalculable. Every chapter points the way to domestic comfort, peace, and happiness; every page is redolent of family and social blessing. Our countrywomen have to thank the author for such a guide. She is a monitress for all the relations of female life most worthy of attentive reflection, and an adviser whose every counsel deserves to be weighed and re-considered with the calmness due to questions on which destiny for good or evil depends.

The volume before us treats of every Matronly duty, from the days of courtship to the end of all, and of others incidental to the subject; but we can only try to illustrate the spirit and discretion of the whole by instancing the reasonably brief admonitions upon a few not uninteresting points. Of marriages:

"Originally, man and woman were intended and adapted to suit each other; but education, the habits of society, and the different modes to which both are habituated, have perverted the intentions of Almighty benevolence. If we are rash enough to concede that women are educated to become good wives, we certainly cannot be mad enough to allow that men are ever calculated by previous care to become good husbands. The exercise of his will, the indulgence of temper, in the nursery or the school-room, among his young sisters, precede the boy's long residence at a public school, and the separation from all female society at college; and the domestic habits, in most cases, are not restored completely until men are married. Men rush into matrimony often, as we all know, madly and foolishly, sometimes advisedly and prudently; but always, whether rashly or warily, with a sublime sense of their own paramount power as husbands. However ignorant on all other points connected with matrimony a man may be, he is always well armed on this; he learns it intuitively: men who have never even read over the marriage-service are ably prepared on that point. It is one of those parts of our service which is never obsolete in their eyes. It seems to me to be taught to them in their cradles; for I never yet met with a man who would give up this privilege in theory, although many are who sinned out of it imperceptibly. Upon this point I must agree with the male part of our species; in all matters of importance wherein difference of opinion exists, it is, I think, a woman's duty to yield, unless when virtue and honour would be outraged by such a concession, or where the real interests of her family or of her husband are at stake. But I do not think the promise to obey is to condemn a woman to ask permission for every trifling act, that it is to chain her very wishes and to subjugate her power of reasoning or of acting. The first compulsory obedience gives a pang to woman's heart not easily forgotten: it is an acknowledgment of bondage. She must not generally expect sympathy from her husband upon the throe of vexation which accompanies the struggle;

she will do well not to ask it: few men would understand the sentiment—they would deem it morbid. Few men can comprehend the shock which is given, not to pride, but to affection, when the mandate is uttered in a manner which implies expected submission. Few men in the honeymoon remember the days of courtship. And often the notions of duty in a wife do not imply a stern or unrelenting nature in a man; they accompany sometimes a strict sense of what is due to their wives, on their own part, from men, but I must also own they are frequently found in those who expect all sacrifices, but deem themselves under no thralldom of inclination whatsoever. In my journey through life, I have wondered to see men who have broken through every bond of their marriage-vow demanding strict obedience from their wives. The unfaithful, the careless, the unkind, the man who squanders upon horses or pictures the sums which would educate his children and render his wife comfortable, still requires obedience from her. He insists on it when respect to him, perhaps even affection, are gone; just as if we were to crush into the mire some fair and fragrant flower, and then look for bloom and freshness, or odour, in its soiled and ruffled petals.

"It is not to prejudice the minds of my female readers against the views and opinions of the other sex that I thus plainly tell them the truth; it is to prepare them for reality. For women before marriage see men as we see figures in a transparency—lighted up; the hard outline all embellished, the deep, hard shadows subdued. They marry, and discover the canvass, and the coarse delineations become apparent.

"A wife must learn how to form his happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them, she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature; not to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language: let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband."

A notice of literature forms a sort of episode, as literary wives are not very numerous.

"The pursuits of literature require almost as many moral qualities as intellectual powers. The woman who attempts thus to aid her husband has a different, and, I must think, a higher object to attain than the personal acquisition of fame. She must therefore enter upon it as a duty, and a duty from which she is not to be deterred by obstacles, or by the disappointments of wounded vanity. Many such will occur: unfavourable reviews; the cold approbation of friends, who are reluctant to give pain by disapproval; or even the apathy of the public. In regard to reviews, there has sprung up a very false system, of the effects of which a generous and honest mind ought to try to rid itself. Reviews are too often the result either of friendly mediation or of personal acquaintance. It is, indeed, customary to regard them as friendly or unfriendly, kind or unkind, instead of considering them as just or unjust. So long as a review contains no allusions or sarcasms personal to an au-

thor, an author has no right to complain of any strictures. The book which calls them forth is before the public, and is ushered to the world with an implied understanding that it is to run the gauntlet of criticism. A review of friendship, which cries up an inferior work, is a breach of trust to the public. I think all private considerations should be laid aside in such a case; and I hold the practice of conciliating the opinions of the press, in any way, to be derogatory to the character of a lady or of a gentleman. It is true, such is the state of things, that the progress of an author who does not take such measures to ensure a favourable reception of a work will be slow, but it may not be the less sure. In the field of criticism there are some upright and candid labourers, who will discern and distinguish merit, unswayed by partiality; and, indeed, within these few last years a more fearless and honest system has prevailed in periodical critiques than was the case some years ago. On the other hand, when any literary efforts are engaged in, an undue vanity, an overweening confidence, is to be equally repelled and controlled. If, instead of taking offence at a criticism, an author or authoress were to weigh its merits, to adopt, in so far as seemed good, its suggestions, literature would be benefited, and individual writers would improve, instead of deteriorating, after the first work, as is often the case. And, indeed, those authors who have a high purpose to serve—whether it be to advance the interests of science, or to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of the public, or to assist a small income, and to educate a family by such exertions—will rise above the impulses of vanity, and conquer the emotions of disappointment and humiliation."

Of housekeeping.—"In all the arrangements which are made, shew your servants that you are above the folly of appearing ashamed of considering expense. If such a weakness be indulged, the largest fortunes may be dissipated with little credit to their possessors; and to persons of moderate means it is essential to have the courage to be economical. This is, indeed, a valuable quality, and may be perfectly distinct from meanness, from a suspicious and cavilling temper. I have ever found it the wisest plan to state openly to servants that you cannot afford such and such expenses; that there is a necessity for economy; but that, if such necessity did not exist, you would still deem it your duty to prohibit wastefulness, that evil to which the lower classes are all, more or less, disposed, but which is the peculiar attribute of servants."

The feelings as well as the duties of maternity are admirably described (a male critic might almost wish to be a mamma to enjoy the former!):

"Until the maternal character is assumed, the duties of the English matron may be said to be divided between her husband, her relations, her friends, and society in general. Till that tie, which is never wrenched from the human heart nor effaced from memory, is imposed, the real interests of life have never been experienced. Love, whilst it reigns, is indeed omnipotent; but in this imperfect state it is ever more or less mingled with disappointment. It springs up in the heart, we know not how—it departs, we know not why; and in its place there comes a calm, though fond, affection, which can endure absence. But the maternal feelings continue to be ardent, and increase in force with years, and look for no violent display of enthusiasm. During the period which precedes the birth of the first child, an undefined hope, not without a trembling, apprehensive feeling, possesses the future mother. Her hour arrives; it is followed, after much of physical suffering, by little of mental anguish, for the spirits are supported as by a miracle. The repose, the silence, the blessed and unspeakable ease of a prosperous child-birth, succeed; and then, in that quiet hour, in the darkened room, amid the helplessness, a composed and grateful affection, a fresh bond to life is ac-

knowledge—a new, a yearning, an intense anxiety fills and expands the heart. Feebleness cannot dull it—it seeks no expression—it requires no sympathy to feed it. God hath placed it there—there, in sunshine and storm, in peril and in safety, in the hour of retribution for crime, in the moment of honour and of fame. In the mother's heart, unless it be abandoned to infamy, that impulse, that bond, shall never become extinct. A new series of duties are consequent upon this boon of our Creator."

When a little advanced in years, "a great deal of needless vexation is given to a child by too early an attempt to train it; by scolding it, or pulling it back when it tries to grasp at an object; by a mimicry of punishment. It is always better to soothe at that tender age; to avoid, if possible, temptations to temper, than to punish the infant when that temper bursts its control, and becomes absolute passion. The gentle, passive mode of management will always be found to produce the best results, until reason begins fairly to aid our efforts to eradicate self-will. Then I would advise a prompt, decisive, mode of conduct. No attempts at explanation, no coaxing, no promises; no vain endeavours to distract the attention. A punishment, when punishment is needful, should be sudden, somewhat sharp, short. It should not hover over a child, and be threatened for some time; it should be put in force, and the memory of childhood will retain it, and it will be effectual for a considerable period. A blow, a slap, should never be given; nor am I at all fond of sending a child to the nursery in disgrace. Sometimes he meets with cruelty when so sent, sometimes with a sympathy almost as cruel. I am apt to think it not a good thing that a nurse should see you correct a child if it can be prevented. It forms, sometimes, a plea for her own attempts to punish; or it produces on her mind, sure to go wrong some way, a conviction that her mistress is very unkind, and does not like the child. I would never give a nurse an authority to punish a child. She is sure, indeed, to take it, but in a very modified degree to that in which she would were she permitted by an especial order to use such authority. It is, indeed, no easy matter to draw the limits of a nurse's power; it must greatly depend on the opinion which is entertained of her good sense and forbearance. In some instances there may be danger to the child in limiting it too much; but in most instances power is an unsafe weapon in their hands. How, indeed, can we wonder? Any one who has been accustomed to live in a country village must know that children of the poor there are brought up with blows, with harsh words; and that the illiterate who are thus reared and sent out to service naturally carry the same system into execution. It is one of the early sorrows of the young mother, that she can seldom find one who is alike tender, active, and sensible, to conduct her child through the perilous period of childhood. But, on the whole, well watched by maternal care, and intrusted to one of good principles, and, what is essential to keep servants right, good habits, a mother may venture to hope that the period of infancy is, on the whole, a happy one; that its sorrows are very transient; its joys, long remembered, shed a brightness over life's future stages. It is, indeed, truly important that the period of childhood should be a happy one, that the growth of mind and body should not be impeded by the dread of punishment, the snappish, irritating word. Many a child have I seen pining under this execrable treatment; its parents, not aware of the cause, vainly trying the aid of medicine to remedy the mysterious disease. Some children will suffer much without repining; but when a mother sees the anxious, timid gaze upon the countenance, when she hears a wailing, fretful cry, far more to be feared as injurious than bursts of passion, when she sees the strength decline and the appetite gone, let her then seek not only medical aid, but, disabusing her mind of all prepossessions, endeavour

to discover what is the real state of affairs in the nursery. I have seen children, thus languishing, restored to health in a short time by being transferred to the charge of some good-natured person, with whom former painful associations were broken, and on whose mercy the little creature had an instinctive reliance."

To sum up, this is a volume to form correct and virtuous wives, and good and affectionate mothers: we can give no higher encomium.

SIR W. W. FOLLETT.

Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note-Book. By a Suffolk Rector. Pp. 314. London, Spencer.

In the good spirit of Freemasonry, and inculcating its principles, and stating individual and general instances of benefit derived from its cultivation, this is otherwise a desultory volume of a miscellaneous description. Full of charity itself, it challenges a like feeling in the critic, and especially in the Brother, who knows the value of the objects to which it points, and to promote which it has been sent into the world; for the entire proceeds of the copyright is devoted to Masonic charity, to asylums for the aged and decayed, and of children left destitute and orphan. Who would not wish such a book to have a large sale? We most cordially do, and can truly say that it has many merits (if not of a high literary order) to recommend it to the public. But as the best of the papers, *Canning in Retirement*, the *Foreign Sorceress* and the *British Statesman*, and others, have appeared in *Blackwood*, and elsewhere, we are unfavourably restricted in our choice of the most popular specimens. We will, however, endeavour to exemplify the writer by a quotation from the first paper, which is a reminiscence of the late Sir W. Follett.

"Sir William Webb Follett and myself were schoolfellows. We had the advantage of being under the discipline of Dr. Lempriere, the author of the well-known classical dictionary, during the period he presided over the Exeter Free Grammar-school. Of him it is not too much to affirm that he was at once the scholar and the gentleman—a most patient instructor and a most gifted companion. Poor fellow! he laboured long and cheerfully; but the evening of his active life was painfully overcast. The *otium cum dignitate* was his only prospect. Persecution assailed him from a quarter whence he had a right to expect only friendship. *Dis aliter visum!* He was ejected from the head mastership—the victim, as he avowed, of some wretched intrigue, and the object of accusations which could never be substantiated. But the period during which Sir William and my humble self were under his control was that of his 'high and palmy' days, when the school was in the zenith of its fame and he of his popularity, when the eldest sons of distinguished county-families were domesticated beneath his roof, and no accents save those of commendation arose around him. One peculiarity he had, that of forming a tolerably correct estimate of a boy's after-success in life. I do not affirm that his opinion was always framed independent of prejudice, or that all his predictions were verified. I contend only that, mainly and generally, he was right. One instance I remember well. We had on the roll of our class a lad of extraordinary promise. His quickness and clearness of apprehension were remarkable. His command of language was great, and his facility in composition enviable. The under-masters petted A—as a prodigy; and boldly predicted on his leaving us that he would rise, and rise rapidly, to distinction. From this opinion the doctor invariably dissented. 'Pshaw!' he was heard to say, on one occasion, 'he will attain no distinction, unless it be that of leaving the country at his majesty's expense. He wants ballast—the ballast of principle.' The doctor was right. Poor A—is now at Sydney. Equally judicious was his estimate of the late Attorney-General. 'Webb Follett is not brilliant, but he is solid. He will not snatch, but he will earn distinction. I shall not live to see it; but it will be

so.' Now, this conclusion was the more curious, because Follett was not one of those spirits who hit peculiarly the doctor's taste. Follett, as a boy, was rather slow. There is no use in denying it. There was at school nothing dashing or brilliant about him. His articulation in boyhood was thick; and his demeanour somewhat sluggish. Now sharpness, quickness, and readiness, the doctor delighted in. Again: Follett was not fond of classics—the doctor revelled in them; and yet he appreciated his pupil, and did him justice. In proof of this, I well recollect that when one of the under-masters—Osborne was the reverend gentleman's name—said to the doctor, after a hasty perusal, 'Webb Follett's verses, sir, want imagination: the rejoinder instantly followed, 'But, sir, they possess—what many verses do not—sense!' There was one peculiarity about the late Attorney-General in boyhood, which I am inclined to think accompanied him in after-life. He possessed the entire confidence of our little community. The sentiment he inspired, generally, was respect. 'Well, that's Webb Follett's opinion,' was a dictum which settled many a boyish quarrel, and stilled many an angry difference. Perhaps this might mainly be owing to his manner: for even in boyhood he was calm, and grave, and self-possessed. There was a composure about him which no petty irritations could ruffle. Webb Follett in a passion would have been a rare spectacle on the play-ground.

"The future Attorney-General had been for many months called to the bar when we again met. This was early in 1826. He then spoke calmly but feelingly of the professional jealousy which existed among those to whom he was now affiliated. 'Players' rivalry,' said he, 'is a joke to it. You can have no conception of its extent or strength unless you yourself belonged to the profession.' He then reverted to past scenes and mutual friends: and in the course of conversation I inferred, from a passing remark, that he had become a mason. I asked if my conclusion was correct. 'It is,' was his reply: 'I was initiated at Cambridge.' *Light* had not then beamed upon myself; and I expressed in scoffing terms my astonishment. 'In your early struggles at the bar,' remarked he, with quiet earnestness, 'you require something to reconcile you to your kind. You see so much of bitterness, and rivalry, and jealousy, and hatred, that you are thankful to call into active agency a system which creates in all its varieties kindly sympathy, cordial and wide-spread benevolence, and brotherly love.' 'But surely,' said I, 'you don't go the length of asserting that masonry does all this?' 'And more! The true mason thinks no evil of his brother, and cherishes no designs against him. The system itself annihilates parties. And as to censoriousness and calumny, most salutary and stringent is the curb which masonic principle, duly carried out, applies to an unbridled tongue.' 'Well, well, you cannot connect it with religion: you cannot, say or do as you will, affirm of it that masonry is a religious system.' 'By and by you will know better,' was his reply. 'Now I will only say this, that the Bible is never closed in a mason's lodge: that masons habitually use prayer in their lodges; and, in point of fact, never assemble for any purpose without performing acts of religion:—I gave you credit,' continued he with a smile, 'for being more thoroughly emancipated from nursery trammels and slavish prejudice.' 'You claim too much for your system,' was my rejoinder. 'Not at all! But hear me. Many clergymen were and are masons. The well-known Dr. Dodd belonged to us.' 'I presume,' said I, jestingly, 'you attach but slight weight to his name?' The selection is unfortunate. 'It occurred to me,' said he, 'from my having recently read some very curious letters connected with his case. The masons, both individually and as a body, made the most extraordinary efforts to save him. They were unwearied; but—I must break off; when I can call you brother, you shall see these letters. Meanwhile,

is it not worth while to belong to a fraternity whose principles, if universal, would put down at once and for ever the selfish and rancorous feelings which now divide and distract society?"

MANCHESTER ANTIQUARIANISM.

Iter Lancastrense; a Poem, written A.D. 1636, by the Rev. Richard James, B.D. Edited by the Rev. T. Corser, M.A. 4to. Printed for the Chetham Society.

It is not very often that the publications of provincial societies are of sufficient importance to require any particular notice from us; but the present work, which has just issued from the press, although dated 1845, has many claims to general attention from those who are interested in the literary antiquities of England. Besides the *Iter Lancastrense*, a very curious early poem relating to Lancashire, it contains a large collection of particulars respecting the lives and works of Dr. James and his family, collected with much industry by Mr. Corser, who has also enriched the volume by a great variety of notes, and a long and interesting preface. Indeed, we might complain of an excess of illustration were it not that the editor has taken the opportunity of introducing materials equally valuable with his text; and, on the whole, the work forms as desirable a contribution in its kind as any that have recently been issued by our numerous publication-societies.

The *Iter Lancastrense* itself is a short poem of 390 lines, and perhaps will be chiefly interesting to the Lancashire antiquary. We give as a specimen the author's version of the legend of St. Winifred, the saint's well having been, even as late as the 17th century, an object of pilgrimage.

"Authors that legends write and holy tales
Without book, say that whilom dwelt in Wales
An amorous young prince called Caradoc,
The son of Elaine, born of royal stock,
Enflamed of love of fairest Winifride,
Lord Thebith's daughter, who had promised
Upon Beunous' preaching, to live aye
A votal virgin till her dying day.
But when her parents unto church were gone,
Into the house came Caradoc anon;
And as he found her sitting by the fire
Undrest, he quickly opened his desire:
To which she mildly said, 'Pray, sir, let be,
Until my parents from the church you see
Returned; you are the prince, and soon may gain
Their good consent to make their daughter reign
A queen by marriage; better clothes I will
In the mean while put on, for to fulfil
Your lawful pleasure.' To her chamber so
She went, and soon doth through a postern go
To save herself. She fled—he did pursue;
Love grew to rage, and forth his sword he drew,
With which at one blow, with an angry look,
Her lovely head he from her body took.
The head fell down, and tumbling rolled was
Into the temple, where the priest said mass.
Beunous was the priest; so ghastly sight
Set him and all the people in a fright;
Yet takes he up the head, and marches on
Unto the body with procession.
Curse falls on Caradoc, and he with it
Doth vanish forthwith to infernal pit.
The holy man doth often kiss her face,
And then it aptly on her body place.
Both covered are with mantle, till he go
Again to church and end his mass below,
First breathing in her nostrils; by which breath,
At their return, she raised is from death
As from a sleep—he praying, and the men,
Who there came with him, saying 'Lord, amen;
And raised is as perfect as before,
Saying that all her after-life she wore
A circle in the juncture white as milk;
Which seemed to view a thread of finest silk;
And so, not losing aught but in her name,
She thence from Breuna Winifred became."

The work is illustrated by well-executed cuts of monuments of the Ashton family; and a facsimile, from a curious painted window at Middleton, consisting of figures of some of the principal inhabitants of that place who accompanied Sir Richard Ashton to the memorable field of Flodden.

DRAMATIC CENTO.

The Borgias, or Italy in the Fifteenth Century; an Historical Drama. Pp. 96. W. Pickering.
The subject of a novel, noticed in a recent *Gazette*, is here the subject of a play, in the poetical compo-

sition of which there is considerable merit. But the sentiments put into the mouths of the speakers do not suit them so well as they would persons of another country and of different characters: indeed, they seem written for the present day, and for English national voices, rather than for the fifteenth century, and Borgian philippics. For example, the vile Caesar thus bullies a French captain, one Vapeur by name, who is accused of having permitted his soldiers to plunder the mother of the Italian:

"Vapeur. Your highness surely has been misinformed; For the French soldier is incapable Of such unseemly acts, 'em towards his foes, Much more to friends. His thoughts alone aspire To glory, and the spread of Gallic power To every region of the universe.
'Tis true we have a Briton in the camp, And one entrusted with a high command, Exciting no small loathing in our ranks; For whoso'er perfidious Albion's sons Are found, all mischief may be traced to them.
Caesar. Thou vile traducer of a noble race; Poor frothy spawn of selfish vanity! Dost thou affect to vindicate thyself By empty boasting; and by slandering those Who soar above thee as the eagle soars, Regardless of the jackdaw's insolence; Or as the illustrious D'Aubigny is seen, In all the splendour of true chivalry, Contrasted with your myrmidons and you? What is your boasted spread of Gallic power And love of glory, constantly indulged, Other than systematic robbery Of others more industrious than yourselves? Hence none will trust ye; for your treaties are Of less endurance than the flimsy clothes Of those who sign them,—and then violate, Obedient to the national caprice, Or to the fleeting objects of the day.
Ye shallow men, is not the reason plain Why you accuse the English of the crimes Laid to your charge? 'Tis not because they cheat, But because honesty obtains for them That which your people never will attain— Established credit with the world at large. Yes, you detest the Britons, since in war They are your betters, as in th' arts of peace; Nor is your love increased in that their skins Are whiter than your own, or that their nymphs Perchance are somewhat fairer, or their dames More virtuous, and their men more true. And so you fret, and fume, and try in vain, By all the arts of falsehood and deceit, By constant repetitions of your lies, (Which the accused with most provoking scorn In conscious pride disdain to contradict.) To make the weary world accept as true All that envenom'd malice can invent, Or active zeal disseminate abroad."

One might fancy he was reading a leading article in the *Times*, when it was denouncing Louis Philippe and Guizot, the Prince de Joinville and Young France (before it began to recommend the two countries to dance the *Caracolenne* as partners); but it is in reality *aut Caesar [Borgia] aut nullus*. We have only to add our protest against a typographical error, which tells of quaffing "cypress in the Vatican" (page 20); such tipple would be almost as bad as the Borgian poisonings.

The following, relating to the famous pasquinades, may also be applied to publications of another sort in our day:

"*Sanzia*. Ten cardinals at a batch! May we not hear Some awkward comments on an act like this? Will not all Rome exclaim?
Fannoza. Well, if they do, 'Tis at the risk of speedy punishment.
Bishop. The people will not talk, but Pasquin will.
F. And who is Pasquin, pray?
B. A humorous knave, Not to be bought, intangible to power, Houseless, incorporate, and only known By certain satires scribbled on a wall, Sought and encouraged for their truth and wit. Good madam, would you like an epigram?
Here 'tis, appropriate to our sale of hats:—
'Our pontiff sells the church, and so he ought; Surely a man may sell the thing he bought.'
[Laughter all.]

Luerella. Most excellent, and what is more, so true; The moral sound, the logic most correct.
Caesar. But have you seen this on the Sixtines? By Tarquin, Nero, Borgia, Rome was cursed: They all were Sixti, but the last is worst!
F. What! are your art and mad so powerless That such a nuisance beards you in the face? And you succumb, and childishly give way To mirth, when strong coercion is required! If you esteem your father and myself, Yourselves and sisters, as mere carcases,

Fit to be mangled with impunity
By all the curs and scavengers of Rome,
I tell ye plainly that ye bring disgrace
Upon your chivalry, and scorn on us,
Whom you are bound in honour to defend.
Z. Dear mother, in so far as I'm concerned,
Pasquin is welcome to amuse the world,
And I will laugh in secret at his gibes;
If we lose character, why lose the wit?
C. Contests with shadows unsubstantial
Are but a losing game; for if we fail,
Hatred with ridicule becomes our foe,
E'en were it wise to shew that we can fail;
And next to failure comes the embarrassment
Of turning victory to good account.
F. Pray, why not hang the villains on the spot?
C. Severity, however sweet it be
To you, fair ladies, is so far unwise
That it proclaims our wounded consciences,
And acts like pleas of guilty to the charge.
Whoever tries to combat wit by force,
Betrays thereby the want of it himself,
Exciting thus renewals of the attack;
As the galled jade invites the insect swarm,
Which, were she sound, would ne'er molest her skin.
Besides, who doubts the truth of what they write?
And by what force can you extinguish truth?
You will as soon compress the air you breathe.
Fshaw! so they fear us, let them laugh in peace. (Oderint
dam metuant.)"

PHILOSOPHICO-RELIGIOUS.

The Penscellwood Papers, &c. &c. By the Author of
"Dr. Hookwell," &c. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

THE essays of which these volumes consist are upon subjects of a very interesting nature, though some of them are removed from our special cognisance by their polemical argument. But there are others which claim every consideration—On the souls and future life of animals—On capital punishments—On the education of the people: the latter two are as important as the first is curious. "It is" (writes a noble author of eminence, in alluding to it)—"it is, I think, not only a very arrogant, but a very careless and unreasonable conclusion, that those of God's creatures whose language we do not understand, but who do understand so much of ours, shall, because we cannot in all things enter into perfect communion of intelligence with them, be held by us to be irrational, and made irresponsible and finite by their great Maker, and incapable of any better destinies than those which depend on the caprices or passions of man during the time in which they are subject to him in this world. I cannot define the word Soul but as meaning that of which the existence is traceable in the power of reasoning by induction, and comprehending a moral distinction between right and wrong. The former faculty we perceive in many animals in quite as high perfection as in ourselves: the syllogisms, for example, by which a dog appears to act when, from many circumstances which he combines in his observation, he concludes that his master is expected to return home, and which make him watch at the gate for his return. Of the latter quality, the moral distinction between right and wrong, we find nothing that I know of to justify our denying their possession; but, on the contrary, much in such animals as we are in communication with that looks like their possessing; and the disparity of their apparent deservings, and the manifest disparity of their means of happiness while in subjection to us, it is difficult to reconcile with the unquestionable justice and benevolence of God, except by supposing some further adjustment of which we can form no idea, but in the probability of its being dealt out in a future state of existence. I know not where we are justified in fixing the limit of God's dealings with any of His creatures; and while we find sympathy and almost design in the habits even of plants, it is to me a very pleasing, and not a wild notion of the universality of God's kindness to all His creatures, to imagine that there is nothing He has made which has not the power of loving, serving, thanking, and worshipping Him."

Such is the opinion of One of no mean understanding; and the quotation saves us from the task of remark; but we must in justice to the author allow him to offer one slight remark for himself,

and in his own cause. After quoting a fine passage from Archdeacon Manning on behalf of the poor and humble:

"Let us (he says) beware lest this kind of contemptuous feeling towards lowly men influence our thoughts and actions towards the lowlier animals. Ought we not to be sorrowful at the very idea that animals of beautiful form and tender disposition, and our companions here, should enjoy no hereafter with us, but pass into utter extinction of being? and also that animals deformed and ferocious should have no prospect of putting on a milder nature and a lovelier form? Above all, should we not rejoice at the thought of a day dawning upon them when all their oppressions should be rolled back from them, a day of freshness and calm to the weary and heavy laden, and when God's justice shall be revealed towards those whom men slighted and cast out as of no esteem?"

The paper on capital punishments goes to establish the proposition that they are sanctioned by Scripture and natural law; yet not necessarily to be executed through all generations. But although "Scripture (the author contends) is not opposed to (if rightly interpreted) but rather sanctions capital punishments, who would not think it would be pleasing in God's eye, if a time could be exhibited when men's hearts were become so softened and so self-accusing, that even the murderer would be in such degree touched with feelings of remorse and a guilty conscience, that punishment without putting to death would be severer than the punishment of death itself, and that to mankind in general the thought of such punishment would be intolerable? Yes, surely it would be pleasing to God, who willeth not the death of a sinner, that no longer a stern necessity for the putting criminals to death should exist; that the murderer, with safety to society, and sufficient example to deter others, should be allowed to live and repent of his dreadful deed, for 'no murderer (unrepenting) hath eternal life abiding in him' (1 John iii. 15), and also that mankind in general should be so stricken with horror at the awful punishment of death, that they should weep over this dreadful consummation of the avenging law, and desire, by all means possible, to avoid its execution. Putting all Scripture aside, then, for it really does not unalterably perpetuate the penalties of capital punishment, we come to the real question which legislators in this our age of the world have mainly to consider; and that is, the expediency of capital punishments in the prevention of those crimes to which they are now by law attached. This is the grand consideration; for, as Bishop Burnet observes, the lives of men ought not to be taken 'except as it appears to be necessary for the preservation and safety of the society.' It naturally occurs, in the next place, to make investigation of the nature of such secondary punishments as might be regarded as substitutes in lieu of the punishment of death; and here I might well stop in my argument, and leave the further inquiry to legislators, who have more scope of information, and more experience. But I am led to offer a suggestion on this head, because if the grounds be good for entering into the consideration of the question at all, it is really a confined one, and seems only to be a consultation on the superior advantage of the punishments of perpetual exile or perpetual imprisonment. There are grave objections to the mode of punishing any offence by transportation, and one of the gravest is to be gathered from the awful responsibility of concentrating a population of convicts in any part of the world; and unless we do advise a wholesale transportation of criminals, it is clear that governments cannot keep up the expense of establishments necessary to continue watch over and to control a few convicts. Without, therefore, entering farther into the discussion of the propriety of this mode of secondary punishment—and has not Archbishop Whately done this fully?—let us at once come to the infliction of imprisonment."

This, he argues, should be substituted for the pun-

ishment of death; but our limits forbid our entering farther into the reasoning by which he supports the theory. There is much to be said on both sides.

With the essay on the Evangelical Alliance we ought not to meddle; but the following laudable sentiment cannot be misplaced any where:

"I must tell you what I consider true liberality, and love towards others (in regard to the subject of difference of opinion) to be. I hold, then, that we must be loving and liberal towards all who differ from us, whatever the differences and deadly error of the differences may be. We should be carnal men, indeed, if we quarrelled and separated on account of small differences; but it is when the differences are great and serious that we are to exercise forbearance and manifest love. In like manner, as all Christian forgiveness is tested by the really provoking and injuring nature of the thing and person that we forgive, so true love and liberality are proved by the nature of the antagonistic principles that beset and retard their exercise. We are not to judge harshly of the man on account of the nature of his error, or to decide our personal bearing towards him according to the depth or degrees of error; but rather the greater the error, so much the greater the need of exercising our pity and most anxious care. The liberal mind will make no exception, will hear of none; and the parable of the good Samaritan, in conjunction with the whole life and practice of Jesus Christ, will at once second those dictates of reason and philosophy which prompt this decision."

With a plan for Union we forbear to grapple: readers will find how the author enforces it, page 167, *et seq.* vol. ii. Neither is it within our province to enter upon the discussion relative to the Protestant and Romish churches in Ireland. In the last paper, on National Education, the plan of Dr. Hook is not approved of, inasmuch as it is held that it would tend to the maintenance, and probably the aggravation, of every ultra opinion in religion; whilst it might rather be asked, what have children to do with such controversial questions as transubstantiation, apostolical succession, election, predestination, final perseverance, and other recondite dogmas, upon which it would be a blessing if their elders heard and disputed less, and rather thought of benefiting their kind, than cutting their throats for opinions which the wisest cannot comprehend.

Debarred in a popular journal, as we have observed, from most of the matters treated of in these volumes, and consequently unable to exhibit their leading characteristics and general scope; we have but to add to our (we may fairly confess) incoherent and merely allusive notice, that the author displays much talent and extensive reading, and original thinking—the fruit of both. Those who feel interest in his subjects will do well to read the *Penscellwood Papers*.

ELIZABETHAN HISTORY.

The Life and Times of Sir C. Hatton. By Sir H. Nicolas. 8vo. Bentley.

HAVING devoted thirteen columns of the last two *Literary Gazettes* to the extraordinary correspondence between the grave (!) Lord Keeper and Queen Elizabeth, so as to comprehend an entire view of this novel exposition of royal favouritism, which it is so difficult to comprehend without supposing an intimacy and personal familiarity of the closest nature between the parties,—we should not satisfy ourselves that we had done justice to this volume without adding one paper, to illustrate, however slightly, its more general historical claims to public approbation. The Queen's deceits with the death of Mary, and dalliance with the Anjou marriage, and especially the latter, have considerable light thrown upon them. We cite an example (1578), a letter from Walsingham, and thus introduced by the editor:

"Walsingham's next letter was written soon after his return from the Low Countries. He was probably only restrained by respect or fear from

adding another epithet to 'hatred,' when speaking of the Queen's 'woining matters,' for it must have been a subject of ridicule throughout Europe:

"Sir Francis Walsingham to Sir Christopher Hatton.

"Sir,—I know by the inclosed from Mr. Davison, you shall be thoroughly informed what alterations are happened in the Low Countries since our departure from thence. God dealeth most lovingly with her Majesty in taking away her enemies; it requireth at her hands thankfulness, which is the only sacrifice he attendeth from her. By the reason of her indisposition, being continually troubled with the pain in her face, there hath as yet been no consultation for the Low Country causes. I find her Highness greatly altered from that I left her touching those causes, so that I am out of hope of any good resolution; for the which I am very sorry, knowing that upon this resolution dependeth either the conservation or alienation of the Low Country people's hearts from her Majesty. The French ambassador, having received letters from the king and the Duke of Anjou, requireth audience. I would to God her Majesty would forbear the entertaining any longer the marriage matter. No one thing hath procured her so much hatred abroad as these woining matters, for that it is conceived she dallieth therein. I have discharged my duty in that behalf, but in very temperate sort, for that she hath been heretofore jealous of my liking of her marriage; and therefore cannot speak so frankly as others may. Finding her Majesty daily subject to the pain in her face, she was content, through my persuasion, that her physicians should confer with some of the best experimented physicians in London, which was performed accordingly; but yet are they not resolved either touching the disease nor the remedy. Thus, sir (as my leisure will give me leave), have I scribbled unto you such things as I think meet for your knowledge; and so commit you to God. At Richmond the 9th of October, 1578. Your most assured friend,

FRA. WALSHINGHAM.*

"Walsingham also wrote to Hatton about the riots in Hertfordshire; and his letter proves not only that he was familiarly called by the Queen her 'Mutton,' but that the term was well known to the court.

"To Sir Christopher Hatton.

"Sir,—I acquainted her Majesty this afternoon with the particular letters you sent me, who did very greatly commend your discreet manner of proceeding; and willed me to let you understand, that, upon report made unto her of an outrage committed upon certain of Sir John Brockett's sheep, she feareth greatly her Mutton, lest he should take some harm amongst those disordered people. I am glad, sir, that matters are so well appeased

* "Sir Francis Walsingham's letters to the Queen form a striking contrast to those of her other ministers. Neither Burghley nor Leicester, nor even Hatton, ever presumed to remonstrate so firmly, nor to vindicate themselves so boldly, as Walsingham did, whenever he thought it was his duty to speak the truth either in relation to her interests or his own character. There is also an honest frankness in his style, which is quite refreshing after reading the rapid adulation of his contemporaries.

Who but Walsingham would have dared to reproach Elizabeth for having condemned him unheard, or, after justifying his own conduct, have ventured to tell her plainly, that if she really meant to marry at her 'years' she had no time to lose; that her meanness about money ruined all her projects; that it had lost her Scotland, and that it was likely to lose her England; that no foreign power valued her friendship, because whenever money was wanted she would do nothing unless it were 'underhand,' and that her predecessors never acted in such a manner? While on that subject, he adverted to her treatment of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose allowance for keeping the Queen of Scots, whom Walsingham calls 'the bosom-serpent,' it was proposed to reduce, though the earl was then driven to such extremity as to have contemplated the sale of all his plate; and he concludes with the emphatic declaration, that if the Queen persisted in such a course, every one of her true counsellors would prefer being in the farthest part of Ethiopia to the enjoyment of the finest palace in England. It was, however, no small merit in Elizabeth to have appreciated Walsingham's integrity of purpose; for, though rarely in favour, she was fully conscious of his merits. Yet it was well known that she always disliked him.

that her Majesty may be merry withal, and no further cause of your absence from hence; at whose return, upon conference with you, her Majesty and my lords mean to take order for the extending of such punishment upon the offenders as the quality of their offences requireth, and may serve for a terror to others. And so, praying you, good Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, to commend me to Sir Ralph Sadler, your colleague, I commend you to God's good protection."

Another characteristic and entertaining letter belongs to the spring of the year 1579. Several such "occur from Henry Howard, who was apparently the second son of Henry Earl of Surrey, and was created Earl of Northampton by James the First. His eminent talents did not procure him any share of the Queen's favour until the latter part of her reign, though he used all the usual arts to propitiate her. It is not certain that this curious letter, which was accompanied by a present for the Queen, was addressed to Hatton, whose relationship to Howard has not been traced:

"From Henry Howard.

"As I have ever been too well acquainted with my own defects to challenge any place among the chosen, so, lest by negligence I might be cast among the reprobate, I thought good (my own dear cousin) to require your favour in presenting my humble service to her Majesty, with assured warrant that a number, which have made more curtesies, have not said so many prayers for her Majesty as I have done since her departure from this place; for men's minds are never more inclined to contemplate than while the senses are suspended from their chief felicity. There is no bush nor flower in this garden which yieldeth not a comfort or a corysine. Violets are gathered to make conserve. Rosemary begins to bloom, but it is too common. Primroses seem more pleasant for their season, than sweet by their favour. Egg-lantine hath ten delights for every other's one, if it had no prickles; and heartsease is so raised upon the tops of the walls as I cannot reach it. The grace which cometh from the windows is most welcome, for by this mean I can say what was, though wiser men than I can hardly tell what shall be. Every favour brings a thirst, but the streams retire; and every fancy putteth us in hope of fruit, but Tantalus is famished. This sharp sauce to my sweet conceits enforceth me to write and seek that comfort, by assurance of her Majesty's good health, which cannot be conceived by my deepest meditations in her absence. And though among so many heaps of dainty presents as other men's abundance may bring forth according to the merit of her Majesty's great bounty, this simple pledge and token of my duty may be driven to shrink aside, and hide itself for fear of some disgrace; yet, if it please her to conceive that some things are as welcome for their figure as other for their weight, and that the sender of this token deemeth not the richest crown in Europe worthy of that head which closeth in itself the treasures of true wisdom and letteth out the springs of happy government, I doubt not but her Majesty will accept the same *ex congruo*, though neither I nor any thing of mine can claim her favour *ex condigno*. The fancy, many years ago, hath been deceived from the Franciscans; but I am much deceived if, by the turning of one loop or two, her Majesty may not convert it to a true love's knot. The mean I know, but not the manner, further than that I am assured that no woman of less virtue, grace, and beauty than the best can make this change, because it passeth more by skill than sleight, by wisdom than by hazard: only this I promise; that whatsoever knot her Majesty doth bind shall be my fast in faith; and whatsoever band her fancy shall not like shall be my loose at liberty. And thus, my dear cousin, requiring you in my behalf to kiss that sacred hand, whose print is here though the pattern be not extant; and withal to recommend my faith, my life, and service to herself, who bindeth me more ways than she shall ever know, I

take my leave, kissing the soil where her foot hath left impression of so rare a personage. From Whitehall, this 1st of May, 1579.

"H. HOWARD."

But "scarcely any letter in this work is so curious as the Bishop of London's remonstrance with Sir James Harvey, the Lord Mayor. It will be remembered, that his predecessor, Sir John Branch, was commanded to reprimand the City clergy for their sermons about the Queen's marriage; and his successor seems to have obeyed the injunction with singular pleasure, adding personal reproaches and abuse to his admonitions. Harvey in his zeal spared neither his own diocesan, the fiery Aylmer, nor Horne, late Bishop of Winchester; and it is amusing to find a Lord Mayor calling a scholar 'lack-Latin,' and somewhat natural that Aylmer's want of hospitality in not entertaining the city functionaries should be a sin in the eyes of the citizens. Though the Bishop of London says he is obliged to submit to part of the Lord Mayor's offensive conduct so long as he remained in office, yet he promised to remember it in the ensuing year when he should still be as he was, but when Harvey would be somewhat inferior. The threat to teach the Lord Mayor his duty in a sermon at Paul's Cross, when he would be obliged to listen without being able to reply, was, in those days, more than a *brutum fulmen*; and, coming from such a man as Aylmer, was not to be despised.

"Bishop Aylmer's Letter to the Lord Mayor.

"My Lord Mayor, I hear that you deal very hardly with the preachers and clergy of whom the charge and oversight is committed unto me by God and her Majesty's gracious direction. I must therefore needs foresee, as chief pastor both to you and them, that in their function they suffer no injury; in which respect I am to desire you to use them as the ministers of God, and as the keepers and rulers of your souls, which I hope you esteem to be the better part of you: of whom the Holy Ghost hath said, that they are worthy of double honour, the like whereof cannot be found spoken of you. And yet I hear (whether it be true or not I know not,) that you *thou* them, and taunt them as base, contemptible, and abject persons: yea, such as by calling are archdeacons, and in quality, justice, and desert nothing inferior to yourself when you are out of your office; your son railleth and rageth at them with all reproachful and uncomely speeches, which he is like to answer, haply little to your comfort, and less to his own credit, if any complaint be presented against him. You are not only content thus indiscreetly to triumph over the meaner sort, but you presume farther to reach at those which are always as good as yourself, even now in your mayoralty when your reputation is at the highest, and somewhat your superiors when you are out of office. 'That Horne' (as you term him), a worthy grave prelate, you call him 'hypocrite and lack-Latin,' with many other unreverent and disdainful speeches, no less untrue and shameless for you to utter than slanderous for him to receive; whose virtue, learning, wisdom, and good government hath, in the general opinion of the world, deserved as great fame and commendation as ever did any man in this age; and therefore not to be maligned after his death (especially by a man of your place), having in his life-time been so well loved and embraced of all men for his integrity, that had either judgment or justice to give every man his right. Her Highness, whose person you do represent (the Lord preserve her Majesty) would not so speak of him, nor of any other prelate within this realm. I pass over myself, whom it hath pleased you of your goodness to term familiarly by the name of Aylmer, as unreverently as if I should omit the title of your office and call you Harvey; which, to teach you good manners and what you ought to do, I mean not to do, God willing. You say that when Aylmer was in Zurich, he thought a 100l. was enough for any minister. Admit he said so;

so thought you, peradventure, in your prenticehood that 100*l*. by year had been enough for a merchant. It pleaseth you, as a curious censor of other men's faults, to glance at my poor housekeeping, objecting that the Bishop of London was wont to feast the Lord Mayor and his brethren. Your lordship in your wisdom ignorantly mistaketh the nature of a custom. This wont was but once, and not usual; neither convenient nor necessary for me to follow it as a precedent. And yet, as little as you make of Aylmer's hospitality, if you compare five years of yours with five of his, his may chance to overreach you 4000*l*. thick. My lord, I have never spoken nor so much as thought unreverently at any time of your lordship, neither have I been so used at any of your predecessors' hands; and therefore I must needs say, that this is a great forgetfulness in you of that dutiful goodness, that, both by the law of God and man, you owe to your bishop and ordinary; the lack whereof, though I bear it now for your office sake (which I need not unless I will), yet the next year I may haply remember it when by God's grace I am like to be as I am, and you somewhat inferior to what you are now. Well, to end as I begun: I pray you use the ministers according to their calling; though not for their own sakes, nor his whom they serve, yet for the laws of the realm, which do provide for their safety; and in respect of her Majesty's commission, which is chiefly committed to our charge to the end we might see that they be not misused; and think that the meanest of them is richer than you in that sort of wealth which in God's sight shall shine as gold, when yours shall be accounted as dross. I could not but as one that hath the chief charge of your soul admonish you that, by the despising of his ministers, and so consequently of him that sent them, you provoke not his wrath and offend her Majesty, who would have them revered and well used; making, besides, all wise men think that there is some want in you of that gravity and discretion that should be in him that hath the royal sword carried before him. If you take this in good part, as coming from him that hath charge over you, I am glad of it; if not, I must then tell you your duty out of my chair, which is the pulpit at Paul's Cross, where you must sit, not as a judge to control, but as a scholar to learn; and I, not as John Aylmer to be taunted, but as John London to teach you and all that city, and, if you use not yourself as an humble scholar, then to discipline you as your chief pastor and prelate. And so I bid your lordship heartily farewell. 1st March, 1581 (1582). Your Lordship's loving friend and bishop,

"JOHN LONDON."

We have alluded to a small shade on the noble and chivalric character of Sidney, which seems to have floated over its brilliancy but for a moment, and not to have been followed by any corresponding thought or action! It is thus noticed by the editor: "It ill accords with the popular idea of the chivalrous Philip Sidney, to find him, like the shoals of obscure courtiers, whose names are either totally forgotten or remembered only to their discredit, saying that 'need obeys no law and forgets blushing,' confessing himself, like them, overwhelmed with debt, and beseeching Hatton to obtain the Queen's signature to some grant by which he might extricate himself from his difficulties:

"To Sir Christopher Hatton,

'Sir,—I do here send you my book ready drawn and prepared for her Majesty's signature, in such order as it should be, which I humbly beseech you to get signed accordingly with so much speed as you may conveniently. For the thing of itself in many respects requirerh haste; and I find my present case more pited now than perchance it would be hereafter, when haply resolution either way will be hard to get, and make my suit the more tedious. Mr. Popham thought it would be little or nothing worth unto me, because so many have oftentimes so fruitlessly laboured in it; and this is the general opinion of all men, which I

hope will make it have the easier passage. But indeed I am assured the thing is of good value; and therefore, if it shall please you to pass any thing in my book, you shall command it as your own for as much or as little as yourself shall resolve of: it will do me no hurt, that seek only to be delivered out of this cumber of debts; and if it may do your honour pleasure in any thing of importance, I shall be heartily glad of it. I pass nothing by any other instrument than by your own servant; and it shall greatly content me that the fruit is of such nature as I may have means at the least to shew how ready I am to requite some part of your favours towards me. If it be not done before this day sevensnight, I shall be in great fear of it; for, being once known, it will be surely crossed; and perhaps the time will not be so good as it is at this present, which, of all other things, putteth me in greatest confidence of good success, with the help of your honourable favour. If you find you cannot prevail, I beseech you let me know it as soon as may be, for I will even shamelessly once in my life bring it her Majestie myself. Need obeys no law, and forgets blushing; nevertheless, I shall be much the more happy if it please you indeed to bind me for ever by helping me in these cumpers. And so, praying for your good success in every thing, and in this especially, my greatest hope of comfort, I humbly take my leave. From Baynard's Castle, the 14th of November, 1581. Your honour's humbly at commandment,

P. SIDNEY."

But the next redeems the illustrious reputation of Sidney, "declining, as when he received his death-wound, to allow his own necessities to be relieved at the expense of others, still less to become the instrument of impeding the Queen's mercy to the unfortunate:

"Philip Sidney to Sir Christopher Hatton.

'Right honourable,—I must ever continue to thank you, because you always continue to bind me, and for that I have no other mean to acknowledge the band but my humble thanks. Some of my friends counsel me to stand upon her Majesty's offer touching the forfeiture of papists' goods; truly, sir, I know not how to be more sure of her highness in that than I thought myself in this; but, though I were, in truth it goeth against my heart to prevent a prince's mercy. My necessity is great; I beseech you vouchsafe me your honourable care and good advice; you shall hold a heart from falling that shall be ever yours; and so I humbly take my leave. At Salisbury, the 18th of December, 1581. Your honour's humbly at commandment,

P. SIDNEY."

Hatton's displeasure with and dismissal of his secretary (Cox), embodied in many a prolix letter, afford a striking idea of the age, corroborating all that has been said of the prevalent usage to procure almost every favour at court, or in the administration of justice, or patronage in the church, by open bribery.

"Cox's offence was his having taken fees to obtain his master's influence with the queen in granting suits; and it is curious to observe, that such was the universal corruption, that Cox says the clerk of every judge in England took gratuities for what he calls the 'expedition' of justice; adding, that such bribes formed their only means of support."

Hatton shews well in repudiating this system.—The stories about the Earl of Northumberland's death in the tower by suicide are discussed and explained in an interesting manner; as the annexed extract, we think, will prove:

"The evidence that the Earl of Northumberland committed suicide is so satisfactory, that it seems difficult for even religious bigotry or sectarian malice to have raised a doubt on the subject. Independently of the design to destroy himself, and the delivery of the dag, as stated by his servant Pantins, the testimony of Sir Owen Hopton, whose integrity has never been questioned, corroborated by that of five other persons, that the door of the

earl's chamber was so strongly fastened on the inside as to require considerable force to break it open, that there were no other means of access to it, and that he himself first discovered the earl's body pierced with bullets, is not to be controverted by such remarks as that 'the change of his keeper, the great difficulty of conveying fire-arms to a prisoner in the Tower, and even the solicitude of the court to convict him of suicide, served to confirm in the minds of many, a suspicion that his enemies, unable to bring home the charge of treason, had removed him by assassination.' But Dr. Lingard's account of Northumberland's death is not written with the impartiality which distinguishes the earlier part of his valuable work. He does not state the cause of the removal of the earl's servants or keeper, nor that it was done by a committee of the Privy Council; no notice is taken of the evidence of Sir Owen Hopton and the warders; the delivery of the pistol by Price is doubted; and he refers to a letter from Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cecil, in 1601, to shew that 'it was assumed as a fact known to them both, that the earl was murdered by the contrivance of Hatton.' In that letter, which was written by Raleigh, to advise Cecil not to relent toward the 'tyrant' Essex, from any fear of consequences to himself, he says: 'For after-revenges, fear them not; for your own father, that was esteemed to be the contriver of Norfolk's ruin, yet his son followeth your father's son, and loveth him. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasions and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the Duke of Northumberland's heirs. Northumberland that now is thinks not of Hatton's issue. Kelloway lives that murdered the brother of Horsey, and Horsey let him go by all his lifetime.' Here Raleigh (who was, it may be remarked, Hatton's rival if not enemy) first enumerates the persons whose ruin, not murder, had been caused by political enmities; and there is no more reason to believe that Raleigh meant it to be inferred that Hatton had assassinated Northumberland than that he meant to say that Burghley had murdered Norfolk, or that Dudley had killed the Protector Somerset; and when Raleigh did really mean to allude to 'murder,' he expressly said so in a separate sentence.

"Bishop Kennett relates two traditions in the Percy family respecting the Earl of Northumberland, which, however valueless, shew at least that they did not believe in the assassination of their ancestor. It should be remarked, that the Earl of Essex, who had married this earl's granddaughter, being a prisoner in the Tower on account of the Rye-House Plot, he committed suicide in the same chamber in which Northumberland killed himself. 'I have heard a tradition,' says Bishop Kennett, 'from some of the family, that the dag or pistol was sent him inclosed in a cold pie, carried to his table without suspicion. I have heard Dr. Mapletoft, who travelled with the last Earl of Northumberland, say, that it helped much to confirm him in a belief of the Earl of Essex murdering himself in the Tower, because he had seen him pointing at the picture of this Henry Earl of Northumberland, and telling the then heir of the family, 'You owe more to that brave man than to any one of your ancestors; he had the courage to save your estate for you.' Meaning that, by having taken away his own life, he had saved his lands from forfeiture.'"

The editor successfully defends Hatton, as chancellor, from the sweeping censures of Lord Campbell; but we will leave this legal dispute in *statu quo*; and conclude by remarking, that it will be expedient in the next edition to correct some errors of the press, which have been overlooked by the editor. See date 1759 (page 128) as the period when Sidney and Oxford quarrelled; and *qu'elle avoit travaille [aurait travaillé]*, p. 15, and other similar inaccuracies, which detract a little from the high deserts of one of the most valuable of our later contributions to English history.

Margaret Percival. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D. 2 vols. 12mo. Longmans.

We do not know how many title-pages are recommended by the name of the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D., and fellow and tutor of Exeter College, Cambridge; but the present offers little exception to the general rule of religious novels. The best character in the book is a Roman Catholic widowed countess, who converts the heroine, and who is reconverted by her uncle. The countess dies in the odour of sanctity, and Margaret continues firm in her Protestant faith. The arguments, pro and con, we leave to the readers.

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Pp. 464. Chapman and Hall.
"The forced Blooms," "The Wisdom of Forethought," "The Young Person," &c., are here collected together in a volume becoming their worth. It is charmingly embellished; but its true value is in these writings of our accomplished author, hitherto spread abroad in such various publications, and some at so considerable a distance of time, as to be now as good as new, with only the farther strong recommendation of having the high character of their trial and experience handed to us by the voice of general fame and well-deserved appreciation.

A Narrative of the Recovery of H.M.S. Gorgon, stranded in the Bay of Monte Video. By A. C. Key, Commander, R.N. 8vo, pp. 113. Smith, Elder, and Co.

To officers of the navy and engineers this volume will be useful as the record and pattern of very important operations in regard to both professions. The *Gorgon*, Capt. Hotham, having been stranded, as the Great Britain has more recently been, that intrepid officer, seconded by the untiring efforts of all who served under him (among whom was the author as a lieutenant), set about the onerous undertaking of recovering the vessel from her desperate situation, and restoring her to the service of the country. All the means by which this was effected, after six months' incessant toils, are here particularised; and the ingenious contrivances by which the prodigious difficulties were met and overcome are described in so hearty a manner that we may almost fancy we are reading the details of a battle and not of the raising of an inert mass from her deep sandy bed.

A Manual of Gothic Architecture. By F. A. Paley, M.A., author of "A Manual of Gothic Mouldings." Pp. 304. Van Voorst.

This neat volume is richly illustrated with nearly seventy wood engravings, which display the taste and accuracy with which this publisher so carefully ornaments such of his works as require the embellishments of arts. It is a book of information, and very appropriately got up.

Biography of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. By the Rev. R. A. Willmott. 12mo, pp. 307. J. W. Parker.
This is not the great work on one of the greatest of English bishops spoken of as in preparation in a late *Literary Gazette*; but, pending that labour, it will be found an interesting account of Jeremy Taylor, his writings, his contemporaries, and his times.

Wyld's Railway Maps.
ARE acknowledged as the cheapest and most complete things of the kind which we have yet seen. As a guide through the ensuing year's railroad-travelling the publication is at once convenient in size and sufficient in detail.

The Boat and the Caravan. Pp. 443. Bogue.
A FAMILY tour through Egypt and Syria; drawn from good sources, and a good and instructive book for family reading. We have hardly met with one better adapted to carry the youthful mind on by the attraction of interesting narrative.

Colenso's Euclid. Longmans.
SIMON'S text, with a very slight alteration and improvement.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

A NEW re-organisation of this important body is now proposed by the College itself, and a memorial has been presented to Sir George Grey, Secretary of State for the Home Department; stating the reforms which it is thought desirable to introduce.

It states that the College is bound by its charter of incorporation, granted by Henry VIII., and subsequently confirmed by act of parliament, to examine and to license, if found competent, all persons who desire to practise as physicians in London and within seven miles round. But the office of examining and licensing those who wish to practise beyond seven miles from London was given by the act which confirmed the charter, not to the College at large, but to a small body composed of eight of its members, termed elects. The elects not having been chosen, even at first, by the members at large, are endowed with separate functions, which they exercise independently of the College, the constitution of their body being such, that all vacancies occurring in it are required to be filled up by the survivors. As might be expected, inconveniences have arisen from this divided jurisdiction, some of which being referred to, the memorial proceeds:

For the reasons which have been stated, the College is desirous that a short act of parliament should be passed, enabling it to accept a charter modifying its former charter, as regards the elects, and transferring their functions to the general corporation. There are other improvements lying more within its own power, to which the College has of late years directed its earnest attention. Among these are enumerated the extension and improvement of the examinations of those whom it licenses to practise as physicians; the opening of the profession to persons not educated at Cambridge or Oxford; so that for several years the fellows have been selected out of the order of licentiates, solely from regard to their character and attainments, and without distinction as to the place of their education.

To a considerable extent this plan has proved satisfactory to the profession. Yet a system of selection is attended always with some invidiousness. Therefore the College has resolved to adopt another principle in the admission of fellows, not liable to the foregoing objections, which will be perfectly equitable in its operation, and most honourable to those who avail themselves of it: viz. that the ordinary mode of admission to the fellowship shall be through an examination, high in character, comprehensive in extent, and open to all licentiates who may submit themselves voluntarily to it. Whilst, at the same time, a limited power shall be preserved to the College of admitting as fellows, without examination, those persons who may have greatly distinguished themselves by scientific pursuits and discoveries; who, not having enjoyed the advantage of the best early education, may have made up for this deficiency by superior talents and energy, but whose age may be such, as well as their known attainments, that they ought to be exempted from the examination intended for younger men.

Instead of London, it is proposed to call the institution "The Royal College of Physicians of England;" and for a year after acceptance of the new charter, to admit as members, without examination, all graduates of British universities of a certain standing, now practising throughout England and Wales.

A conciliatory measure of this kind appears to be much required in the present state of the medical profession; for there are many physicians practising in England, not being graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who yet are not, as legally they ought to be, possessed of a license from the College of Physicians of London. Therefore the College propose this measure as the commencement of a more regular and effective system; and in order that it may more perfectly than is possible at present represent and regulate the interests of all

physicians in this country. The College will be ready to abide by this offer and concession, provided means can be devised whereby all physicians practising in England and Wales shall henceforward (reserving the rights of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge) be required to submit their pretensions to the censors' board (to which the College deputed the examination of those whom it licenses), in order that their competency may be properly tested, and that they may be enrolled as members of the College.

By another clause in the new charter, power is demanded for the College, in certain specified cases, to expel unworthy members. A similar power has recently been given by charter to the College of Surgeons. Also, that persons who, having exceeded the age of forty years, and having been duly examined by the College, are found competent to practise as physicians, shall be entitled to use the designation of doctor of medicine, although not graduates of any university. Whereas, for all candidates who present themselves for the license under the age of forty, it is made an indispensable requisite that they should have obtained the degree of doctor of medicine in some recognised university, before they can be admitted to examination by the College. Therefore the College respectfully but earnestly requests the assistance of Government, in order that a short act of parliament may be passed, enabling the Crown to grant this charter, on the petition of the College, and in order that the Crown may be advised to grant it.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 18th.—Mr. Horner, president, in the chair. A memoir was read "On laws of development of existing vegetation, and the application of these laws to certain geological problems," by Mr. J. Walton; with a supplement, by the same author, "On internal heat, the sun's heat, and certain developments of exogenous plants." A paper was then read "On the geology of the island of Samos," by Lieut. Spratt, R.N. The island is divided into two equal parts by a high mountain of crystalline limestone overlying mica schists. There is also another similarly formed but more lofty mountain at the western extremity. These mountains are connected by a series of flat-topped ridges, from 400 to 800 feet high, formed of fresh-water deposits identical with those in the Gulf of Smyrna, but here of great thickness, exceeding, indeed, 1000 feet. The beds consist of a compact limestone, with marl in the upper portions; and they contain vegetable impressions and *Planorbis*, *Paludina*, &c.: all, however, very rare. They are considered eocene. A formation probably marine, but not containing fossils, reposes horizontally on the lower beds of the fresh-water series. This formation probably corresponds with one elsewhere met with in the same region, and belonging to a newer part of the tertiary period.

A paper by the same author was next read, "On the geology of a part of Eubœa and Bœotia." On the east shore of Eubœa and in the interior are lacustrine deposits identical with those at Samos and Smyrna, &c., considered to be of the eocene period, containing numerous vegetable impressions and much lignite in numerous workable beds. A considerable quantity of gravel reposes on the lower beds, and appears at the surface, but its age is not determined. These lacustrine deposits, with lignite overlaid by gravel, are repeated throughout a great part of the district described by the author. In conclusion, the author expresses his opinion, that during the eocene period there were no marine deposits in the south-eastern part of Europe, but that there existed at that time a considerable lake of fresh water in what is now the eastern part of the Mediterranean. At the close of the period the lake probably became converted into an arm of the sea; and this change was most likely accompanied by great subterranean disturbance.

A note, "On the fossils collected by Lieut. Spratt,"

was next read by Prof. E. Forbes. The comparison of the beds at Samos with those of the Gulf of Smyrna was confirmed by the evidence of the few fossils obtained. The fossils from Orisa were also eocene; but those from Koumi exhibit a much more recent character.

Dec. 2d.—Mr. L. Horner, president, in the chair. Sir E. Ryan, Mr. W. Bainbridge, Mr. G. E. Denes, and Mr. J. B. Birch, were elected fellows. A paper was read "On fossil coal-plants from Cape Breton," by Mr. C. J. F. Bunbury. It consisted chiefly of a detailed description of species forwarded by Mr. Brown. Several of the species are new, and others new to the locality. Of the whole number that can be made out with certainty, twenty-eight or twenty-nine appear identical with European coal-plants, or are varieties of European types; while eight are peculiar to North America. The author concluded with some general remarks on the relations of the American and European coal-fields, and the general uniformity of the flora of the coal period throughout the northern hemisphere.

"On slaty cleavage," by Mr. D. Sharpe. The fossil shells found in the older formations are often so much distorted as to render it difficult to recognise their species. This distortion is most marked in slaty rocks; and depends upon the position of the shells relative to the planes of cleavage of the slates; and it may always be accounted for on the assumption that the rock has been compressed by a force acting perpendicularly to the planes of cleavage, and causing the mass to expand along the dip of the cleavage. As such a change in the solid masses of rock must have been accompanied by great alteration in their relative positions, Mr. Sharpe ascertained the directions of the planes of cleavage over large areas, to see what evidence could thus be found of it; and the result justified his first conclusions. Prof. Sedgwick had shewn that the planes of cleavage run straight for great distances, intersecting the surface of the earth in parallel lines; and that they dip at various angles. Mr. Sharpe adds that the planes are arranged with great regularity, forming portions of great curves turned over a common axis, their inclination increasing with the distance from the axis till it reaches the perpendicular at an equal distance on each side; beyond which begin fresh sets of similar curves. Each of these systems of curves of cleavage covers an area of country in which the beds have been elevated by a single movement, such as would result from the pressure upwards of a mass of fluid igneous matter through a rent below the earth's surface. The direction of such a pressure is the same as is required to account for the distortion of the fossils; and the increase of breadth gained by raising part of the earth's surface into an arch allows space for the expansion of the rock along the planes of cleavage. Two areas of elevation were examined, one thirty-five miles wide, from the west-side of Snowdon to Bala; the other sixty miles wide, from the south coast of Devonshire to Barnstaple. Over each of these the cleavage forms one system of curves, as above described; and Mr. Sharpe states that he has evidence that a similar arrangement exists in many other districts.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 28th.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. Mr. J. R. Lyssaght was elected a member of the Society. The paper read was the first portion of a very elaborate essay on the Nile by Dr. C. T. Beke. The obscurity which has so long hung over the sources of the Nile is now in a great measure dissipated by the trouble which Dr. Beke has taken to clear up the ambiguities of conflicting statements, and to re-establish facts long misunderstood. A careful sifting of the writings of both ancient and modern travellers in regard to the sources of the Nile, together with his own intimate acquaintance with the country watered by a great number of the primitive tributaries of the great

river, have enabled him to unravel the entanglement which obscured the subject, and to present us with a statement so clear and satisfactory as to leave little for further investigators but a corroboration of his views.

It is impossible for us to go into all the details of this interesting paper, and we must therefore content ourselves with a brief notice of the main points.

The doctor first ascends the Takazie, the Astaborus of Ptolemy, and minutely describes its various affluents; after which, coming back to the Nile, he ascends it to the junction of the Blue and White Rivers. Going up the Bahr el Azrek or Blue River, he comes to a spot where M. Caillaud speaks of the Hessenn as coming from the S.E., which Dr. Beke proves to be the Abai of Abyssinia; and he at the same time shews that the river described by M. Russeger as the upper course of the Bahr el Azrek is in fact the Dedhesa, a river which he now identifies with the Takui, described by Dr. Barros as the great western arm of the Nile, under which name the Portuguese understood the Blue River, since the White River or Bahr el Abiadh was entirely unknown to them. After describing all the affluents of the Abai on both sides, Dr. Beke notices a river which has of late years appeared in the maps under the name of Habahia, and which has been supposed by some geographers to be either the upper course of the Kilimaney (Quilmané) or of the Bahr el Abiadh, but which Dr. Beke shews clearly to have no separate existence; it being, in fact, nothing but the Abai of Abyssinia, called by the Gongsas 'Abiaya.' Dr. Beke next discusses the subject of the Maleg, a river which was crossed by Fernandes, in 1613, on his way to Enárea; and shews that the route taken by the Jesuit missionary has been altogether misunderstood by Bruce. Leaving the Abai, the doctor next takes up the Dedhesa, and enumerates its tributaries on both sides, as he had done with the other two great rivers, the Takazie and the Abai. Having thus exhausted the hydrographic basin of the Blue River, the author, before commencing the particular investigation of the course of the White River, enters into a comparison of the two great arms of the Nile, the White and Blue Rivers; and after minutely examining the evidence, both ancient and modern, on the subject, concludes in these words: "Thus, whether we consider the relative magnitude of the two rivers, the direction of their respective beds, or the volume of their waters; whether we regard the opinions of the ancient geographers, or those of modern travellers, or of natives acquainted with both streams—for the evidence of such as only know one is of course inadmissible—the result is the same. In all and every of these points of view, the Bahr el Abiadh or White River is the principal stream, and the Bahr el Azrek the subordinate or affluent."

This valuable paper will be concluded at the next evening meeting.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Dec. 23d.—Mr. W. H. Bodkin in the chair. 1. A description of Dr. Roget's economical chessboard was read, the object of which is, to give the chess-players a board of sufficiently small dimensions to admit of being put into the pocket, when folded, at any part of the game, without deranging the position of the men on the board, so that on being reopened they would be found in the same place as before, and the game or problem may be resumed where it had been left off.

The second communication was "On the effects of heavy discharges of atmospheric electricity, as exemplified in the storms of 1846 (including an account of the destruction of St. George's Church at Leicester of 1st of August), with remarks on the use and application of lightning-conductors," by Mr. E. Highton. The church, a new and handsome building, was entirely destroyed by the effects of the thunder-storm of the 1st of August, the steeple

having been burst asunder, and parts of it blown to a distance of 30 feet in every direction, while the vane-rod and top part of the spire fell perpendicularly down, carrying with it every floor in the tower, the bells, and the works of the clock. The falling mass was not arrested until it arrived on the ground, under which was a strong brick arch, and this also was broken by the blow. The gutters and ridge-covering were torn up, and the pipes used to convey the water from the roof were blown to pieces. The author, in comparing the power developed in this discharge of lightning with some known mechanical force, stated, that 100 tons of stone were blown a distance of 30 feet in three seconds; and consequently a 12,220 horse power engine would have been required to resist the effects of this single flash.

Since the occurrence of the numerous storms of 1846, Mr. Highton had examined the Cathedral of St. Pauls in London, to ascertain how far this noble pile of building is protected from the effects of lightning. He found that the two small turrets have lightning-conductors erected, but the central dome has none. He found, however, that the position of the spouts and other metallic connexions is such, that he considers if they are preserved as they now are, the building will be free from damage by lightning; but should they be removed at any time, and glass or porcelain be employed in their stead, then the main part of that noble building would be in constant danger from every storm that passes over the city. He concluded by urging the importance of a correct and systematic principle being acted on in the new Houses of Parliament, with a view to securing them from the disastrous effects of lightning.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 7th.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Descriptions of two new exotic species of the genus *Papilio* were read by Mr. W. J. O. Westwood; by whom also the preparatory stages of the domestic flea were exhibited, consisting of the small active white larvæ, very much resembling the common *ascaris*, the inactive pupa, and the silken cocoon in which the latter is inclosed. Mr. Thwaites gave a long and interesting detail of the habits of the larvæ of the *Tinea granella*, especially with reference to the injury which it produces in granaries, by burrowing into the wood-work, sometimes to the depth of an inch, for the purpose of establishing its winter-quarters. This communication led to an extended discussion.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

The following account of a death by lightning was described at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris:—A young man was killed by lightning ascending, which appeared to have entered by the right foot, and, after traversing the whole body, to have passed out near the shoulder. The body was discoloured—a blackish brown in the path of the lightning, and the skin there presented slight lacerations; small brown spots, about the size and in the form of a lentil, were here and there produced. But the extraordinary circumstance is, that there were in the middle of the right shoulder (the exit of the lightning) six circles that had preserved their flesh colour, whilst all the rest was blackish; and that these circles, of three different sizes, in a row touching each other at one point, were exactly of the same size as six pieces of gold (a pistole, three guineas, and two half guineas) which the young man carried on the right side of his waist wrapped in paper and rolled in a cloth band that girded his loins; neither the money, nor the paper, nor the cloth, shewed the slightest mark of burning.

HYDRATES AND METASTANNIC ACID.

The principal facts derived from M. Frémy's examination of the different combinations that anhydrous acids may contract with water, and of the influence water exercises over the properties of the hydrates, are: 1st, there exists a great num-

ber of acids which may be brought to their anhydrous state without losing their property of combining with bases. 2d, Several hydrates of metallic oxides, which should be considered as weak acids, owe their acidity entirely to the water they contain, becoming insoluble in alkalis by losing their water of combination. 3d, The second degree of combination of tin with oxygen may form two different acids:—the equivalents of the one are SnO_2 , this is stannic acid; the other is represented by the formula $\text{Sn}^2\text{O} \cdot 4\text{HO}$ when dried to 130° . This latter M. Frémy has named metastannic acid; it differs from the former not only in its greater equivalent, but also in the property of forming with bases compounds in which water becomes an indispensable element; and which water cannot be eliminated without the decomposition of the salts. 4th, The antimonates can also enter into very remarkable combinations with water; and when the proportion of the water they contain is varied, a modification is effected which completely changes their fundamental properties.

Metastannic acid, M. Frémy states, can form with water three hydrates: the first is insoluble in azotic acid and soluble in ammonia; it is obtained by precipitating a metastannate by an acid. The second is produced by the reaction of azotic acid on tin; its formula is $\text{Sn}^2\text{O} \cdot 10\text{HO}$; it is insoluble in ammonia and in azotic acid. The third is prepared by drying the preceding hydrate to a temperature of 130° ; its formula is $\text{Sn}^2\text{O} \cdot 4\text{HO}$. It is in the metastannates, however, that the chief interest is: they are always hydrated; they are necessarily ternary; and they are decomposed when dishydrated: in the latter case, the metastannic acid has then lost its acidity. The stannates may, as almost all other salts, be brought to the anhydrous state without decomposing.

GODDARD'S IMPROVED ANEMOMETER.

It consists of a double vane, shaped like a truncated cone, the small ends being fixed to a brass tube about 1 inch in bore; this tube, penetrating the roof, rests on a hollow socket fixed into a table, which supports the instrument; immediately above the table the tube passes through a solid cylinder, whose top is cut oblique to the axis, thus forming a solid I term a hoof, the tube forming its axis; so that as the wind shifts its quarters, vane, brass tube, and hoof, all revolve together in the plane of the horizon: beside this rotating hoof, a brass piece is placed vertically upon the table, and has a slit in it, so that a slider, containing a pencil, may rise and fall as the thick or narrow part of the hoof comes under the sliding pencil, the former being the case with a north wind, and the latter with a south wind. Therefore it will be understood that the pencil is lifted to the top of the scale at north, and depressed to the lower end by a south wind: the east and west occupying the mean or middle, it will be readily seen that the east and west are in the same place on the scale; but in order to distinguish them from one another, a pencil (below the former pencil in its lowest excursions) is made to mark in the eastern semicircle, and remain inactive on the western. This is the direction of the wind-pencil.

To the minute-hand of a clock is attached a light arm, which, being connected with another pencil by means of a beam (similar to that of a steam-engine) placed in the same slider, only above the highest limit of our direction-pencil and its auxiliary, alternately raises and depresses it, according as the minute-hand points to 30° or 60° . This is the time-pencil. Inside the brass tube an iron rod passes, connected at the upper end with a fan-wheel, which the wind turns in proportion to its velocity; and to its lower end with an endless screw, which, communicating a motion to a few simple wheels, gives a slow rotating motion to a cylinder, upon which a sheet of paper is fixed: upon this cylinder, and whose axis is vertical, all the pencils describe their evolutions. The office of the two first pencils is to record the direction,

and of the last the time and miles of wind; it being previously ascertained how many revolutions of the fan-wheel correspond to a mile or ten miles of wind.

The advantages of this anemometer are stated to be:—

1. That the scale of time is five times greater within an equal compass of paper than Mr. Osler's.
2. That the register of direction is fully eight times as large, with equal-sized sheets, as that of the ordinary construction.
3. The data registered are more comprehensive than those of Whewell's, Osler's, or Foster's, viz.:
 1. Miles of wind blown during the day.
 2. Miles of wind blown in each direction.
 3. Miles of wind blown between any given periods.
 4. Hour and minute of the highest gust.
 5. Hours in which most wind has blown.
 6. Times of calms, and length of continuance.
 7. Velocity of wind at any hour.
 8. Time occupied by the wind going any certain distance at any period of the day.
 9. Direction of wind at any minute.
 10. Mean direction.
 11. Direction of longest continuance.
 12. Direction of greatest passage of wind.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Dec. 17th.—The degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred by diploma on the Right Rev. W. A. Shirley, late fellow of New College, now Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man.

The following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation).—Rev. J. W. Cary, Magdalen Hall.

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. G. F. Noad, Worcester Coll. Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. C. Shiffner, Christ Church College; C. A. Johnson, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. J. L. Patterson, Trinity Coll.; W. R. Bright, Balliol Coll.; J. Rumsey, Pembroke Coll.; R. H. Hill, demy of Magdalen College; H. A. Harvey, Christ Ch. Coll.; H. G. Merriman, fellow of New College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 16th.—The Prize Subjects for 1847: The Chancellor's gold medal, for the best English poem in heroic verse. Subject, "Sir Thomas More."

The Camden gold medal, for Latin hexameter verse. Subject, "Ecclesia cathedralis nuper apud Indos constructa."

The Members' prizes of fifteen guineas each, two to bachelors and two to undergraduates who have resided seven terms in the University. Subjects, For the bachelors, "Difficile est in philosophia pauca esse ei nota cui non sint aut perque aut omnia." For the undergraduates, "Omnis ferè error veritatis alicujus simius est."

Sir Wm. Browne's gold medals, for the best Greek (Sapphic) and Latin (Alcaic) odes, and the Greek and Latin epigrams. Subjects: 1. For the Greek ode, "Pericles moriens." 2. For the Latin ode, "Collegium SS. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigiam jactantissimum annum agens." 3. For the Greek epigram, *Ὁμοιωτικὸν καὶ ἑρμῆος*. 4. For the Latin epigram, "Sui lena natura."

The Porson prize (the interest of 400l. Stock), to undergraduates, for the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. Subject, *King Henry V.*, act i. scene 2: "While that the armed hand doth fight," to the words, "all well borne without defeat."

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Dec. 23d. Meeting of Council.—Six new associates were elected. Among the presents were a number of drawings of very interesting mediæval sculptured monuments recently discovered at York, with rubbings of brasses, given by Mr. C. Jessop of that city; and a set of drawings of cromlechs in the Isle of Alderney, by Mr. Lukis. Mr. Lukis announces a paper on the subject. Mr. Crafter, of Gravesend, communicated an account of the discovery of a Roman urn and bottle, and other relics of a sepulchral interment, near the lodge of James Harmer, Esq., at Greenhithe, about fifty feet north from the old Roman road. Mr. Smith read a letter from Alderman Walker, of Gloucester, confirming the report that the corporation of that city had resolved on the destruction of the ancient Booth Hall, as mentioned in *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1561. Mr. H. Durden, of Blandford, Dorset, presented an impression of a seal discovered in the course of ploughing in a field at Gillingham. Mr. Crofton Croker exhibited some of the stone shot from the wreck mentioned at a former meeting; and laid on the table a num-

ber of triangular pieces of flint, to which that form had evidently been given by the hand, and which were sent for exhibition by Mr. G. K. Blyth, of North Walsham, Norfolk. They were found together on the top of a hill, in the parish of Bacton, near North Walsham, at which spot an unbaked urn had been found about fourteen or fifteen years ago. Mr. Croker observed that they were evidently the roughly hewn flakes out of which flint arrow-heads were to be made. Mr. C. Bailey communicated some observations on a carved door-head, of the date of about 1480, discovered in the old manor-house of Hall Place, near Tonbridge, in Kent. M. Lemonnier sent an account of the discovery of a quantity of celts at Graimbouville, in the department of the Seine Inférieure in France. Mr. Pretty announced the discovery of a Roman tessellated pavement about half-way between Northampton and Weedon, and promised a further account of it. M. de Gerville made a communication relating to the coins of Carausius, said to have been discovered near Rouen a short time ago; and announced his intention of sending specimens of a number of Gaulish coins found near Avranches. There were several other interesting communications from Mr. C. Sandys of Canterbury, Mr. Baker of Bisleigh (who communicated a plan and description of the Roman villa discovered there), Mr. Croker, Mr. Bedford, &c.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

Dec 17th.—The president in the chair. The secretary, Mr. J. C. Jones, read a paper by Mr. S. W. Stevenson, on a jewelled gold coin of the Emperor Mauricius Tiberius (A.D. 582 to A.D. 602), found at Bacton, on the coast of Norfolk, and presented by Miss Gurney to the British Museum. This beautiful ornament (an engraving of which, by Mr. Fairholt, illustrated Mr. Stevenson's paper) consists of one of the common gold coins of Mauricius, surrounded by a circular border of the same metal, an inch and a half in diameter, and composed of thirty-eight cells of irregular form and size. Twenty of these are filled with red coloured stone; probably garnets; the remaining cavities are empty. The loop by which it was meant to be suspended exhibits on the front side a braided or chain pattern of not inelegant workmanship, which also extends itself over the reverse side. Mr. Stevenson, after describing analogous ornaments worn at all periods of the Roman empire, remarked, that he had understood the numismatic authorities of the British Museum considered the coin itself as a cast. With this opinion Mr. Stevenson differed, believing the coin to be struck. The setting of the coin he considered to be Byzantine work, and executed in the east; and not by the people of the north of Europe.

Dr. Lee regretted that the meeting had not been favoured with an exhibition of the coin itself, an examination of which was absolutely essential, in order to do justice to Mr. Stevenson's paper. He then proceeded to make observations on the somewhat confused inscription on the obverse of the coin, $\text{DNMAV}^{\text{C}} \text{CRPPAYG}$, and to explain that on the reverse, $\text{VICTORIA}^{\text{A}} \text{AVGO}$, &c.; concluding by observing that he agreed with Mr. Stevenson in thinking the ornamental setting to be of Oriental manufacture.

Mr. R. Smith said he agreed with his friend Mr. Stevenson in thinking the coin to be a struck coin, and not a cast. The inscription on the obverse he suspected was blundered by the moneyer; but he considered the setting to be by far the most interesting part of the jewel. It differed from all the examples of mounted gold Roman coins he had seen, as well as from others which had been engraved, in resembling in workmanship the circular gold Saxon fibulas, which were frequently found in this country, and especially in Kent, as may be seen in the museum of Dr. Faussett. The construction of the cells filled with garnets so precisely corresponded with the construction of these fibulæ, that he should not hesitate in assigning the

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setting of the coin to the Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths. He admitted with Dr. Lee that portions of the work may be analogous to eastern patterns; and no doubt the arts of the east gave a certain tone to those of the north of Europe, but not so much so as to deprive the latter of a certain nationality and character of design which enabled us to recognise the works of the north as peculiar and distinct from those of the east. The date of the coin, which was struck in the sixth century, was also another and an interesting confirmation of the opinion that the jewellery was Anglo-Saxon, because it agreed with that to which the fibulae, from other circumstances, had been referred.

Dr. Lee replied, that he still considered the ornamental border, and particularly the twisted or chain-pattern which surrounded it, and the loop, as peculiarly eastern.

Mr. Fairholt observed, that while engraving the jewelled coin for Mr. Stevenson, he had every opportunity of closely examining the construction of the border and he felt no hesitation, from comparison with similar works of art found in this country, in pronouncing it to be Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Smith exhibited a quantity of the short-cross pennies of Henry III., thirty-seven in number, with three of William of Scotland, recently discovered near Maidstone, and forwarded by Mr. C. T. Smythe. Mr. Smith said it had been of late a matter of discussion among numismatists whether these short-cross pennies should not rather be assigned to Henry II., than to Henry III.; and good arguments had been advanced for and against. This discovery of pennies of William, who was contemporary with Henry II., while of itself it would not decide the question, must be allowed a certain degree of weight in favour of those who believe these short-cross coins to have been hitherto incorrectly appropriated; and especially so, as the pennies of William found in this little hoard appeared equal in freshness of preservation with the others, and none seemed to have been much circulated. Mr. Berge gave a general review of the opinions of numismatists of the present day with respect to this peculiar coinage. Sir H. Ellis and Mr. Hawkins assign reasons why they should be given to Henry II., while Mr. Cuff and others are unwilling to disturb the appropriation of Snelling, Sainthill, &c. For his own part, Mr. Berge attached considerable importance to the fact which had just been laid before the meeting. A brief description of the coins by Mr. Cuff was then read.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Pathological, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; British Archaeological, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

HISTORICAL PICTURE.

THE picture, by Sir David Wilkie, of the Queen presiding at the first council upon her accession, engraved by C. Fox, has just issued from the repository of Mr. Alderman Moon. It is a very faithful transcript of the original, and ably executed as a work of art. All our London readers will remember the picture at the exhibition, representing her Majesty, her royal uncles, the ministers of state at the time, high churchmen, and eminent privy-councillors, and other official personages. The most prominent individual in the group is the Duke of Sussex, seated on the right (her Majesty being on the left), with the pen just put into his hand by the Duke of Wellington, to sign the act of homage. There is much simplicity in the design, and the whole presents a truly great British event, handled by the eminent artist in a British style, without frippery or gaud. We cannot, however, say now, what we could not say in 1837, that the like-

nesses are strong. On the contrary, the genius of one of the greatest painters our school could ever boast did not lie in that line; and both painting and engraving must, therefore, be prized for merits of another order. It is a genuine historical piece, and commemorates the period and general effect, more than the exact countenances, of the persons engaged in this national transaction.

E. Landseer's *Deer-Stalking in the Highlands.*

F. G. Moon.

WHAT Scrope and Prof. Wilson have so well essayed with the pen, Edwin Landseer has here accomplished with the pencil; placing the noble sport of deer-stalking in the Scottish Highlands in that high position, in regard to the fine arts, which it holds among the many exploits of the field. Nothing can exceed the truth and feeling displayed in these engravings; most of them done by Mr. T. Landseer, the artist's brother. We have first the Combat of these splendid animals, so timorous and cautious, and yet so fierce and dauntless. Their antlers are interlaced, and their fury fatal. Next there is the Waiting for deer to rise (another exhibition picture), in which the dog beld, the Highlander, in shadow, breathlessly quieting him, and the watcher, with his gun in hand, form a group of infinite skill and interest. We almost expect to see the deer start up, hear the rifle ring, and slip the dog upon his retreat, should the ball have failed to lay him low at once. Watching the body is characteristic, but not so interesting; nor is the "how to get the deer home" more imposing. These are the mere mechanical and unimpressive parts of the game, but still they are given with a painter's hand. The last scene is one of the utmost pathos. We know of nothing in art, of animal expression, more affecting; nothing in which human sympathies can be more touchingly excited. And to crown the whole there is the Poaching Bothy, as true a Highland picture as ever was executed, and no less ably and artistically treated than it is peculiarly fine in its own forms for composition and effect. Such a fasciculus altogether has rarely been published for the aristocratic library or the sportsman's home.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To a countryman and correspondent in Germany we owe the subjoined letter on matters intimately connected with the Fine Arts in England, and their encouragement and preservation. We insert it as containing many pertinent remarks well worthy of attention on this important subject; but without pledging ourselves to all its sentiments.

Germany, Dec. 14th, 1846.

No "news from England" has given us half so much pleasure as some remarks on the ignorance and ill-management which have been shewing themselves for years in the National Gallery, and tending unfortunately to the ruin of invaluable works of art; we are thankful that even thus late public attention is called to the subject.

In a National Gallery so petty as ours, we cannot "afford," regarding the objects merely numerically, to have a single one spoiled. There are too few not to make the loss of but one good picture immediately felt. We English have hitherto consoled ourselves with the conviction that small, insignificant small, as is the number of pictures thus brought together to form a National Gallery, their intrinsic worth, their great excellence, atoned for this deficiency. But now all is being done to put an end to even this boast. What, then, will finally be left us? As is always the case, the opinion of those qualified to give advice on such matters is rarely heeded. There was perhaps never any man more devoted to his art, more sensible to the beauties which the works of the great masters presented, or, from personal experience, more at home in the technical part of what related to painting, than the late John Constable. To him the treatment of the pictures in the National Gallery was agonising. It went to his very heart.

He was constantly speaking of it, constantly lamenting it, and unceasingly and unsparingly deprecating the repulsive ignorance and want of feeling for art displayed by those to whom the charge of these works was consigned. Often has he exclaimed, "They are slaying the pictures! they are slaying the pictures!" But yet in no one single instance, had ever any opinion of his respecting the purchase or the cleaning of a picture the least weight with the constituted authorities. Of one of these he used to say, "— knows nothing about these matters; not practically at least. He only knows about the backs of pictures, which is just the same to him." Meaning that the person in question, like many others, consulted the canvass or panel in order to learn by its dirt or smoky appearance something of its age and history. At one time speaking of Rubens to Mr. L.—, the latter said, "There were a set of pictures of his, of which that in the Gallery is one." Mr. Constable: "Yes, and our Gallery people could, if they had chosen, have had a companion some time ago at a sale at Christie's." Mr. L.: "And why did they not?" Mr. C.: "Because they did not know what they were about." To painters there is a great charm in pairs. Every good painter tries to put into them qualities which would be incongruous upon the same canvass, but which on different ones do good to each other."

But what proofs are needed when the evil cries so loudly that all may hear? Let any one the least qualified to judge look at some of the Claudes in the Gallery, and ask himself if those rubbed-out things can be supposed to have even a slight resemblance to what they were when fresh and bright from the painter's easel? Should he be mad enough to imagine it, let him try to look once in his life at a Claude in the royal collection at the Hague, and he will be speedily undeceived. This picture (it hangs on the right-hand side in the first or second room as you go in) gives one a notion of the sunlight and freshness and brilliancy which this great master strove to paint, and which he did succeed in representing.

When at Munich, the other day, we heard a gentleman relating to another the way in which the pictures of the National Gallery of England were treated; how they (we use his own expression) were "scrapped" by the cleaners. All this seemed so unaccountable, so incredible to the other, who was an artist, that he looked inquiringly, as if expecting our refutation of what had been asserted. But we were forced to assent to all that had been said, for unfortunately it was the truth. It is grievous, very grievous, to see such wonderful productions of the human mind thus destroyed, works which nothing can ever replace. The marvellous tints, the lovely hues are gone, and no alchemy can ever bring them back into existence. The very worth of the pictures as articles of barter is thus considerably reduced; and this in a commercial country might be looked upon as no unimportant matter. But some, we trust, regard these works that have fallen on evil days, and into profane hands, with feelings of love and reverence; and they, not influenced by mercenary views, will exclaim, like ourselves, with a sigh, "But the pity of it, Iago: oh, Iago, the pity of it!"

[The writer here enters into some discussion relative to the Wellington Statue, and arraigns the judgment of the *Literary Gazette* as "tending to exalt the work, on account of its great size, and the beauty with which it has been extricated from the mould." Had we rested its merits on these grounds alone, we would have admitted and allowed the justice of the objection; but we spoke of them simply as collateral recommendations of a design very grand and noble in itself as a production of art. It matters not, therefore, that casting has arrived at great perfection in foundries, or that there is a single figure now at Munich (and all but completed), cast in bronze, which wants only six feet of being just double the size (a single figure, by the way, can bear no comparison either for weight

of metal or complication in being put together with an equestrian group). Nor do we think that any fair parallel, in regard to magnitude, can be drawn between such a performance and the huge cylinder made some time ago to drain the Harlem Lake. As you cannot multiply different things by each other, such as six pair of skates by three pair of compasses; so neither can you magnify different objects, such as a glass retort and the dome of a church, so as to bring them into comparison! We, however, add our friend's concluding paragraphs.]

The forming the spectrum for 'Lord Rosse's telescope was a far more arduous and delicate operation than half a dozen such castings in bronze.

We take the liberty of making these observations because it seems to us that, however great may be the mechanical difficulties the workmen at the foundry have had to overcome, the merits of this conception of the sculptor are not thereby either enhanced or diminished. It is as a work of art we are to judge it: as the creation of an artist. As to the work itself, we give no opinion; it is only about the mode of judging it that we here contend. It would be a dangerous precedent thus to evade the principal, the grand question to be decided, and to award praise on the score of size, or difficulties overcome. Besides, as we said before, all this has nothing to do with a judgment on the work, as a work of art. As well might its transport and erection, both which appear to us quite wonderful, be taken into the account.

Never, perhaps, was any thing more truly ridiculous, than setting about and making such a statue, and when finished not knowing what to do with it. The only parallel we know of is to be found in the history of the great family picture of the Wakefields, which caused such vast expectations, and which, when finished, for want of a place to put it in, was thrust into the back-kitchen. We imagined, as we often do, that the eyes of the world would be attracted to our "colossal undertaking;" it was proceeded with with all the calm complacency which a sense of decided superiority alone can give, and we are quite astonished to find that, now we have got it completed, "our unparalleled performance" is making us look as foolish as it is well possible to do.

In this we entirely agree. The question is, who are we to thank for this dilemma? Not the artist who voluntarily and generously enlarged his covenanted design, at a cost to himself of a very large sum of money, as well as of risk and labour, in order to do credit to himself in exceeding the views or legal claims of those who employed him. Who else, we will not surmise: suffice it to say, that, like nearly every one of our national works, this has been bed—lled, and the consummation is now, we believe, in hand, by placing the colossal group in the worst site in London, viz. in the cavity between the Horse Guards and the pond in St. James' Park!! Here, if the ground over the drain will yield a foundation, is the statue to stand; without a sky at morn, or noon, or evening against which to see its proportions; and after all the nonsense we have heard about the top of the arch, in his new position the Hero must either appear as if he were riding into the Horse Guards, with his horse's tail turned to her Majesty's palace and her Majesty's look-out, or towards that palace (using a famous palatial phrase), rumping the Horse Guards, the head-quarters of the British army!

Since writing the above, it has been practically discovered that there is, fortunately, no sufficient foundation in this locality to support the statue. We thought it had been known to every topographer, that the drains and pipes between the Park waters and the Thames, ran in this direction, and had done so since the reign of Charles II. That monarch's wild-fowl fancies have happily saved the memorial to the greatest of English warriors from the worst site in or about the metropolis.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

GERMANY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

BERTHOLD AUERBACH, the author of that pleasant book *Black-Forest Village Stories*, which has been so nicely translated by Mrs. Taylor, is on the point of setting off for Breslau, where he intends to remain some time. He is about to be betrothed to a young Jewess of that city. This accounts for his leaving Dresden, which he has made his place of residence for some time. He has lately written a little work entitled *Publication and the People, or the Fundamental Characteristics of Popular Literature*.

It is always pleasant to record the marks of distinction shewn to those who have obtained pre-eminence in literature or art. We announce, therefore, with satisfaction, that the sculptor Schwanthaler has just received a knight's cross of the order of the North Star; and Inspector Miller, of the great foundry at Munich, a knight's cross of the order of Wasa; both from the King of Sweden. The architect Erbkam, who accompanied Professor Lepsius on his journey to the East, has also been decorated by the King of Prussia with the order of the Red Eagle, fourth class.

Meyerbeer left Berlin a few days ago for Vienna, in order to conduct the first representation of his new opera, *The Camp in Silesia*. He has placed his salary of 3000 crowns a year, which he receives from the King, at the disposal of the members of the orchestra and the chorus of the theatre.

Count Frederick Gonfalonieri, one of the companions of Silvio Pellico during his imprisonment at the Spielberg, has just died in the canton of Uri, in Switzerland. In 1821 he was, as well as his friend, condemned to death for the part he had taken in the political tumults of that period. The entreaties of his wife, however, procured a change of punishment, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life. After being shut up in the fortress for twenty years, the amnesty proclaimed by the Emperor Ferdinand, at the commencement of his reign, restored him once more to freedom. His wife died soon after his condemnation. When again at liberty, he married a young Danish lady, who survives him.

Gutzkow's new drama, *Uriel Acosta*, in which all the personages are of the Jewish persuasion, was performed at Dresden on the 13th with immense applause. At first the audience seemed cold and unmoved; but in the second act the interest became greater, and ere long displayed itself in frequent bursts of applause. The author was repeatedly called on to appear; and when the curtain finally dropped, all the actors were obliged, by their presence, to respond to the long-continued proofs of approbation which the audience showered upon them.

BELGIUM.

Sheldon's Border Ballads.

[From our own Correspondent.]

SIR,—I regret that I have not a copy to send you of a fine old Norman-French ballad, called the *Histoire de la Côte des deux Amans de Normandie*, and which is either the original of, or curious coincidence to, Mr. Sheldon's "Borthwick of North Berwick Law," quoted in your last *Gazette*. This *histoire* was at one time extremely popular throughout France; so popular, indeed, that it formed the subject of a series of paintings, executed by Charon, and engraved by Lebour, and which might be seen on the walls of numberless cottages. In these engravings the ballad had been rendered into a prose explanation; and your own remarks, introducing "the pride of the book," will serve admirably to introduce the French legend. "The story, declared to be original, though looking poetically fresh, runs:—

"Edmond, jeune serf normand, nourissait depuis longtemps un violent amour pour la belle Caliste, fille du Baron de Pont St. Pierre, puissant seigneur de la cour de Charlemagne, qui habitait

un château sur les bords de l'Andelle, près Rouen. Un jour que le Baron et sa fille chassaient dans la vallée, un sanglier blessé sort furieux d'un haliier, et court droit à Caliste, dont le écuyer s'empare et l'entraîne loin des chasseurs; le monstre la pour-suit, le cheval s'abat, et Caliste va périr, lorsqu'Edmond, qui veille sur elle, paraît tout-à-coup, combat le sanglier, le tue, et sauve l'objet de son amour. Caliste, depuis le jour où Edmond lui avait sauvé la vie, ne put résister à tant de dévouement, et ne tarda pas à payer son libérateur de l'amour le plus tendre. Bientôt Edmond ose demander la main de la riche héritière; mais l'orgueilleux et farouche Baron, frémissant à l'idée d'unir sa fille unique à un pauvre serf, qu'il croit avoir assez récompensé en l'affranchissant, imagine de mettre à son consentement une condition impossible. Il promet à Edmond qu'il lui donnera Caliste, s'il peut la porter de suite et sans aucun repos jusqu'au sommet escarpé de la côte qui domine le château et la vallée. Edmond, loin de redouter l'épreuve barbare que le Baron lui impose, la reçoit au contraire comme une grâce, se fiant sur sa jeunesse, sa force, et surtout son amour. Malgré les remontrances et les craintes de Caliste, qui tremble pour les jours de son amant, il l'enlève dans ses bras, et, chargé de ce précieux fardeau, se met à gravir d'un pas égal et assuré le coteau presque inaccessible. Pier de son trésor, il ne se hâte point, et déjà il a franchi la moitié de l'espace sans que sa marche ait changé, ou que son corps ait fléchi; de toutes parts on l'encourage, il s'efforce, et va bientôt atteindre le sommet. L'amour a triomphé! Edmond, par une force et un courage incroyables, arrive au sommet, y dépose sa conquête, penche la tête, fixe sur Caliste des yeux pleins d'amour, et tombe mort de fatigue. Son amante meurt à l'instant de douleur. Au même moment deux colombes prennent leur vol d'un hermitage voisin, et se perdent dans les airs avec un chant plaintif. Le père, trop tard attendri et repentant de sa barbarie, après avoir fait enfermer les deux corps dans un même cercueil, fit ériger au haut de cette côte, à la place de l'hermitage, le *Prieuré des deux Amans*; lui-même, au désespoir de la mort de sa fille, ne tarda pas à suivre au tombeau le couple infortuné."

Such is the French legend; and I have no doubt your cleyer Paris correspondent could give you some information respecting the pictures which illustrate it.—I am, &c. W.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NEW ZEALAND: HEKI.

To our review of Angus's *Travels in New Zealand* (see Nos. 1558, 1559), we may add the following later and curious information respecting the great New Zealand chief Heki, which we extract from the number of *Simmonds' Colonial Magazine* for December, as given by Mr. J. Jenner Merrett, and relating to a visit paid about nine months ago. He says:

"My interests, my prospects, are bound up in New Zealand—it is the land of my adoption; I have always endeavoured to reason the natives into a sense of the advantages which must result to themselves from becoming embodied as a part of a powerful nation like Britain, rather than remaining an insignificant independency, relapsing into their original state of barbarism, and becoming a prey to the lawless and licentious rovers of all nations. The pride of the New Zealand chieftain cannot be broken by force, under existing circumstances; he must be reasoned into compliance; and if the terms are not too hard, and his independence and right of property (not law) be not trampled on, I am satisfied matters may be adjusted. No honour can be gained by the British in this warfare; our troops will never be allowed by the natives to meet them under equal advantages; they will harass us by surprise—our sentinels will be shot at their posts, and every straggling party on labour or service will be cut off. I have heard the savage threat fifty times over, that if we will pursue them with

war, we shall retrace our steps over paths slippery with the blood of our countrymen. Who would not avert such horrors, if it may be even at the risk of inconsiderate censure?

"With a native boy to carry my blankets, I travelled along the high lands skirting the coasts, rather pleased with the novel character of the country through which I passed. For some three or four miles, our road lay through the bed of a mountain torrent; but after climbing the forest range, we entered on an open tract of country, stretching as far as the Bay of Islands, without any intervening forest land. The character of the soil in this district is wretched in the extreme—no food for cattle, and hardly any spots worth cultivation. Young Mr. King, the missionary, has the only really useful piece of land I saw. The country, notwithstanding the poverty of the soil, yields abundance of beautiful kauri gum; and everywhere I observed spots where the natives had been digging for it. When within a few miles of the little fortress at Tako, where Heki was staying, my native guide told me that the Nga Puis of Wangaroa had seriously offended Heki by not joining him, and not fighting for him; and that it was reported Heki had threatened to punish him by violence; he further said, that as he was of the party who had offended Heki, he doubted the safety of his proceeding to the fortress, and requested me to let him return. When we were within sight of the spot, he seriously urged me to proceed first. His fears amused me; and I said, as he was a native, he would be less liable to ill treatment than I should: but my remonstrances were useless—go first he would not, and so I took the lead, while he followed closely on my heels. As I entered the gateway of the little fortress, and passed through the throng of fierce warriors who were scattered about in groups, I experienced a momentary feeling of anxiety as to my personal safety should I be discovered; for I was there both in the character of a spy, and the bearer of credentials which accident might discover were forged. I now recollected another circumstance, which added nothing to my confidence; that there might be some there who would recognise me as having been concerned in the capture of Pomare; and although I was innocent of the treacherous intention of the commanding officer in that affair, still they could not be aware that I was so. Putting a good face on the matter, and determined to achieve the object for which I came, if possible, I walked boldly amongst them, with my important-looking letter in my hand, and seated myself, according to native customs, in silence with a group of elderly chiefs. Every eye in the fortress was turned upon me with a look of inquiry; but I determined not to appear at all concerned. At last I greeted them with the usual salutation, 'Tena koutou,' and again resumed my reclining position. Impatient, I suppose, at my long silence, an old chief rose in the assembly, and abruptly asked me where I came from. I replied, that having a letter which I wished to deliver with my own hands to Heki, I had walked about the country in search of him; and that I had but the day before been told by Harriet (his wife) where to find him, and that consequently I had reached Tako. A subdued conversation now took place, and some of them rose and left the place. In a short time they returned, with Heki preceding them. I had never seen him before, but I felt certain he could be no other than the man I wanted. He approached, seized me by the shoulder and shook me rudely; and, speaking quickly and angrily, he asked me what made me come there, and what I wanted. He evidently wished to intimidate me; but he was mistaken for once. I threw the letter on the ground, and said abruptly, 'There is an explanation for you.' He looked at it with hesitation; and I observed a slight nervous tremor on his hand and lip as he took it up, opened and read it, while he sat apart from the rest of the chiefs, who none of them asked him a single question, or spoke a word, while he was so engaged.

"I fancied I perceived in his countenance a latent suspicion as to my errand. He turned his eye stealthily on mine once or twice while he was reading the letter, and I was marking, as coolly as I could, the effect it produced. Its sentences were few; but so worded as to be ambiguous to a native, and its meaning wrapped in mystery. I saw, however, I had not failed in my estimate of native character; for this exceedingly shrewd native was completely puzzled, and my success was complete. I had taken care to recommend the bearer of the letter to his particular hospitality; and when he had finished, he rose, shook me by the hand, ordered food to be cooked and a house to be prepared for me, and gave strict orders that I should not be intruded on. When his warriors saw me received so cordially, many of them came forward and shook me by the hand; they also welcomed me, and seated themselves: I was soon surrounded by numbers. A desultory and interesting conversation now took place between us: it related principally to the war. We laughed and joked; they brought me food; and I was elated at the success of my enterprise.

"Heki returned to the spot where he had been conversing, and seating himself by my side, and, as nearly as I could recollect in the evening, when I made a memorandum of the sum of his discourse, the following are the words:—'Has the governor gone to Port Nicholson to fight the Rauparaha—is he going down there to make the rockets fly about? Why did he not come and speak to me before he went? I have appointed places of meeting; he should have chosen one of those I mention for a conference between himself and me—I will come to no terms till he speaks to me face to face. If he wishes the flagstaff put up, let it be put up by himself, the governor and Waka, simultaneously. If we were all present when it is put up, well and good; I will not allow Waka to put it up without my consent being obtained. I have heard the governor intends to make Tamati Waka the great chief of this part of the island, and that I am not entitled to consideration. I will certainly never recognise any power which may be invested in Tamati Waka, should he be delegated by the governor to propose the terms of the peace. The final arrangement of the quarrel must rest between me and the governor alone. The governor does not possess the strength to do as he pleases. My voluntary consent will establish peace, but soldiers cannot compel me to do it. I have beaten them at Kororarika, as I beat them off at O-Kaihau, when they attacked my pah; they retreated to their boats at the Keri Keri, and I buried their dead. At O-Haia-wae we killed great numbers of them, when they assaulted the pah: they were obliged to leave their dead in our trenches, and make a hasty retreat, while we, not thinking the place tenable against the great guns of the sailors, effected an orderly and safe retreat, and left them an empty fortress as a payment for the loss of their chiefs and people: then the blood first flowed in gushing streams from the white men, while our own people were hardly scathed. At Ruapekapeka they desecrated the Sabbath, which we in our ignorance supposed would pass without fighting: we left our pah to avoid the shot and shells, while morning prayers were read by one of the teachers; had we been in the pah at our guns, the madness of the soldiers in trying to carry it by assault would have been seen; for there would have been worse slaughter than there was at O-Haia-wae. The Europeans cannot say that they were strong because they took Ruapekapeka; and, after all, there were only twenty-five of our people killed. The white men have only one point of superiority over us, namely, their guns and rockets; but we shall be more than a match for them, when we skirmish with them in the bush, as in future we shall, if necessary.'

"There were seven horses at this settlement, and the natives were constantly amusing themselves with racing. The people who attended Heki from the Waimate here amounted to about eighty fighting men; he was afterwards joined, during my

stay with him, by about two hundred and fifty more, who came to welcome his return. They brought with them quantities of pigs, kumeras, and fish, and were soon busy preparing the feast. Many of the chiefs who arrived—amongst others, Ware of Matauri, Tarea, and Waikato, of the Bay of Islands—spoke very violently, and gave Heki every encouragement: they told him not to be afraid of the soldiers, whatever their numbers might be; and every one appeared to pay him the greatest deference and respect.

"A sword was shewn me in the evening, which the native who owned it told me had belonged to Captain Grant; it had, I think, the name of Buckmaster on the blade. I asked them if it was true that they had cooked a part of Captain Grant's body; they immediately answered, without the slightest reserve, that they did, but only after he was dead. I asked them why they burnt the soldier alive at O-Haia-wae; they replied, that nothing of the kind occurred. I then wished to know whose cries were those that were heard during the night; they replied, that the cries proceeded from a soldier who was much burnt after he was wounded, by his cartridge-box igniting while lying by one of the fires; that he suffered great pain, and was crying out incessantly. I further requested to know if there were any Europeans amongst them at the pah of Ruapekapeka, as the troops had heard European voices shouting during the night to the people inside it to keep a good look-out. They said that Europeans had been amongst them, two particularly; but they had returned to their homes before the capture of Ruapekapeka; but that there was a native (Haki Moa) who had spent many years on board of whalers, who was invariably in the habit of shouting his watchword in English, and that his must have been the voice which was heard so distinctly by the sentries.

"After witnessing the arrival of more of Heki's allies, and a war-dance on the occasion, which was well worth seeing, and of which I made a sketch—having also made three portraits, all profiles, of Heki, through the window of my little house, and had taken the portraits of Harriet, his wife, and Charles Hungi, while in Wangaroa,—I prepared to return to the Bay of Islands. Heki, before I went, drew me on one side, and called a native to him: this man he directed to write an answer to the one I had given him, which was done; it contained the very modest request of a cask of tobacco as soon as possible. This letter I keep as a great curiosity: I certainly do not think he can write himself, from the circumstance of his wife acting as his secretary, and the fact of his having employed the native in the present instance.

"I shook hands and parted with him and his people, thoroughly pleased with the success of my journey: in two days I reached Kororarika. The people Heki has with him are some of them chiefs of various districts, Tauranga, Rotorua, Kapiti, Hawke's Bay, Taranaki, Cook's Straits, and elsewhere; men who have joined his cause from the mere love of fighting and adventure: they are a reckless and daring set, and have frightened the Nga Puis to the north of the Bay into supporting Heki. It is the most absurd thing imaginable for people to suppose that Heki has lost any of his influence; he has more followers now than ever he had, and he is treated with infinitely more respect than either Tamati Waka or Kawiti. I heard much desultory conversation in Heki's pah; it principally consisted in each man relating his own prowess, and ridiculing the European mode of fighting, and their foolish exposure of themselves to the fire of the natives. I gathered sufficient in the course of conversation to lead me to the conclusion that Heki had been led to believe that a war would soon take place either between America and England, or France and England, and that he might depend upon assistance from either nation when they became our enemies. He was also anticipating a war in Cook's Straits; and expected that, in the event of such an occurrence, he should

be much better able to carry on his own operations against the troops, as they would then be divided: he had some reason to believe that the Nga to Maru and Nga to Tameteras, on the Thames, would attack Auckland; in fact, he seemed to think that disturbances were only commencing all over the island, and was only waiting to see what line of conduct it would be politic for him to adopt. I heard him say distinctly, that nothing would satisfy him but having the French and the American flags hoisted, as well as the English; and that the Custom-house had no business at Kororarika."

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

HOOD'S WRITINGS.

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. Being former Runnings of his Comic Vein, with an Infusion of New Blood for General Circulation. 8vo, pp. 568. London, E. Moxon.

WHEN we look at this volume, and turn over page after page, we wonder more and more at the inexhaustible fund of quaintness, odd conceit, humour, and wit, out of which Hood poured all this abundance, as if increase of quantity and drollery, like appetite, did grow by what it fed on. The numerous and unceasing efforts of a large portion of our current literature to "poke fun" upon the public look poor, meagre, and forced when compared with our true Democritus; and though we have an occasional laugh with the jesters and punsters, it must be confessed that the perpetual strain upon them produces a vast disproportion of failures instead of hits. No degree of talent can supply an unceasing demand of this sort, and consequent weakness renders the attempts the more ridiculous as their pretensions are braggart. Jokes are melancholy things when they miss fire; and professed jokers the dullest of dogs when their quips are trivial and their satire blunt: and indeed, when most successful, their continuous exploit is far from being an entertaining pastime either in society or writing—in conversation or in books. They belong to the class "Bore." But, on the contrary, where Nature has conferred the curious faculty, and it overflows from its own full vessels—when words seem to clothe themselves with meanings previously unknown, and thoughts of utter originality rise upon the mind—when all around is seen as nobody else sees or ever saw the objects—and when the whole is leavened by a just sense of the ludicrous, and appreciation of the bounds within which it must play its freaks and gambols to be efficient—then we have a Thomas Hood, and not a hackney striver to be eternally funny. The one is a genuine humorist; the other a clown grinning through a horse-collar.

The volume before us, composed of a collection of those smaller publications which were wont at this season of the year to add so much to its merriment, is truly an astonishing work. We had no idea that when put all together these strange fancies, graphic and literary, could have been so agreeable and gratifying. Upon the doctrine we have advanced, they ought to have been tiresome in mass, however pleasant in separate and intermediate detail: but the reverse is the fact; and for a book to take up again and again, and always to find much to wonder at in its profusion, as well as to enjoy in its endless variety, *Hood's Own* is well entitled to be every laughter-loving reader's own (still, still) from year to year.

Having said so much for the present portion of his writings, we will ask leave to revert to a preceding issue of Mr. Moxon's, namely, the Poems in two vols. 18mo, of which the second edition lies upon our table. Herein the Poet and the man of feeling appear—the Yorick is serious, the Wit benevolent, the universal Momus the universal philanthropist. Hood hated cant and humbug as he admired the better qualities and heartily espoused the better interests of his fellow-creatures. In prose and in verse, in gaiety or in gravity, in jest or in earnest, all his performances tended to good

ends—to protect and uplift the lowly, to spread justice and charity over the land, to abase the oppressor, and to mitigate all the ills that flesh is heir to, all the cares and troubles and sufferings of humanity. Among the longer compositions in these small volumes, even the "Song of a Shirt" has hardly been more popular than the "Dream of Eugene Aram," the "Elm Tree," and the "Haunted House,"—the last romance perhaps the most poetical of all the author's productions. To this we would beg attention; and having some time ago received from an able and valued correspondent an essay upon it, which, as we think, sets forth many true principles of general as well as particular criticism, we take this occasion to lay it before the literary public.

Part First.—It is evident that the aim of the writer of this poem was to impress the reader with the same feelings of dread, and the same sense of utter loneliness, which weighed upon his own spirit when standing—whether in imagination or reality is quite indifferent—amid the scene of desolation and decay here described. We will endeavour to discover whether the means taken to arrive at such end have been fortunately chosen throughout. We are left in uncertainty in the beginning, whether what follows was found "in the spirit or the flesh;"—no matter; the subject is "an old deserted mansion." The word "mansion" is well chosen; for it at once calls to our mind a dwelling-place of goodly size, with the stir and movement and active life consequent upon the neighbourhood of living human beings. That it was a residence "for woman, child, and man" is a matter of course; all mansions are: and the observation, being unnecessary, weakens the preceding descriptive line, which was forcible from its very simplicity, and at once excited curiosity to know why it was deserted. The "under some prodigious ban" is very good; for though it gives a hint as to the cause of the desertion, it still leaves all in mystery.

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams—
Unnatural, and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted mansion:

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling-place, and yet no habitation;
A house, but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication."

As yet all is undefined; in the fourth verse however, the poet begins to particularise. But before proceeding farther with our remarks, we have a few observations to make.

The feelings that involuntarily arise when we tread upon ground connected in any way with certain impressive events, are called forth by the power of the imagination. It is the association of ideas which moves or overpowers us. It is not the objects which meet our bodily vision to which we owe the awe that fills our soul, or the undefined sensations which exercise their mastery; but it is the mind that, by an exercise of wonderful power, goes back to far-distant times, and connects, by an alchemy entirely its own, the things it sees in palpable reality with those which meet its mental vision only. There is nothing, we believe, in the Plain of Waterloo or in the Straits of Thermopylæ to excite emotion in the beholder: no natural objects which are likely to disturb his calm serenity. But who visits these spots without experiencing a rush of, at first, undefined and countless memories, which suddenly change the common earth on which he treads into ground that is sanctified and glorified? His mind is filled by the spirit of the scene: it takes in the whole, with the struggle, and the carnage, and the devotedness on the day of strife;—

* Is it correct to say "a house" is excommunicated or under excommunication? For "a house" here refers to the building of stone and mortar; not "a house" as used instead of "family"—"the house of Argyle."

with all the causes that went before and led to the arming and the marching forth to battle, as well as the reward and the glory that followed upon victory. His regards sweep down the stream of time; his gaze ranges over the entire field before him. He does not stop to dwell on the Lion of Hougoumont, or the reeds near the spot where Hellenic blood flowed so unsparingly:—he is too excited; his mind is now occupied with too elevated things to care for such minuteness.

Again; on stepping into the coolness of some Gothic cathedral, it is not merely the beautiful proportions of the upwards-striving architecture which attunes our mind religiously, but the thoughts awakened by the knowledge that we are in the house of God. And if taking into account the effect of outward circumstance on the mind, it would be the impression produced by the whole that we should dwell on; not on the parts of the building as exercising any particular influence over us, although all tending to make up and complete the general effect. We might allude to the dim religious light falling around us, without noticing that it was windows of painted glass which were instrumental in tempering the glare from without. We might speak of the lofty forms toiling upward, and carrying the mind towards heaven, without alluding to the tracery which adorned the shafts, or the niches of saints which there had a place assigned them. Such particularising would spoil the general effect. The "sense profound" of a holy presence is disturbed by attention to such matters.

Why is it that the minute explanations of garrulous guides is so insupportable when visiting a spot or building dear or sacred to us from certain associations? Why is it, but because his detail disturbs the unity of those associations; because they intrude on us materials which disturb our fanciful architecture; remarks which are as out of place as living foliage among the painted scenery of the stage?

It is thus with the following verses of the poem in question. Our attention is drawn from "the sense of mystery" which had already begun to daunt our spirit,—from "the shadow and the fear" that, like a pall, was hanging over the place,—to certain objects which meet the eye at every step: we exchange "the cloud of fear," so undefined and *unheimlich*, for well-defined things, carrying with them, it is true, a sense of loneliness and decay, but of far less power in producing the desired effect than the account of the effect which the things themselves produce.

When we are told there was "no household creature" seen about the place, it is sufficient for the purpose intended; to convey, namely, a sense of utter abandonment and desertion; but it is spoiled by the unnecessary particularisation of pigeon, cat, and dog, "great or small." We say unnecessary, because the words "no household creature" comprehended all those that were added as well as many more beside that have not been named. The "great or small" here is also bad; for this was quite immaterial; it being the *number* or the *absence* of this companion of man which would enliven or add to the melancholy of the scene, and not the *size* of the animal in question.*

The sixth verse is a fine picture of a place utterly forsaken; and in four lines presents this state of desertion to the mind more forcibly than as many verses in which the fruits and flowers are each severally designated as lying on the walks "for want of human care and labour." How much more impressive are these words:

"No human figure stirred to go or come,"

including, as they do, all persons whatsoever, than if the different beings, "woman, child, and man," who might be expected to be seen about such

* Still, we think that without some license for congenial particularisation there would be no poem, or only one so brief that its dream must be ineffective. And does not the departure from the general and purely imaginative, to dwell upon the least details of which they are made up, often contribute to effect?—*Ed. L. G.*

lordly mansion, had been recapitulated! Had but the gardener been mentioned as one no longer seen about the grounds, in which instance, we ask, would the sense of loneliness conveyed be greater: in the one dealing with generalities, or the one naming the particular person who was missing? The eighth verse, too—

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!"

is finely dim and undefined in description; and now for the first time we learn the cause of the desolation—"The place is haunted!" "The stagnant desolation" follows well after such announcement. The verses that succeed all shew how deserted of man the place was; and here and there we have an instance of the very happiest choice of expression, when, by a mere word, the presence of unnatural agency makes itself felt, and spreads like a charmed atmosphere over the picture before us; as

"The rabbit wild and grey, that fitted through
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished."

The forest birds that, "lulled by the still and everlasting sameness," the "weedy moat" where the "moping heron, fond of solitude, alighted," his "motionless" form seen beside the water-lily, "the chatter of the jay," are all described in a way that marks the true poet.† "The secret curse that on that building hung," well carries on the sense of mystery which we feel surrounding us. From time to time, too, this verse is repeated with great effect: "the cloud of fear" is purposely kept hovering above our heads; the whisper is again at our ear that "the place is haunted!" In the twenty-second verse we unfortunately have particulars again. Instead of being told of the fruit that lay wasting on the ground for want of human hands to pluck it—that it was "a wilderness of fruits, and weeds, and flowers," which says more than detail of sort or genus, we have an enumeration of what was there: pear, and quince, and bloomy plums; of plants, the marigold, the nettle, the gourd, the rose-bush, the thistle and the stock, the holly-hock and bramble. Then, too, come the bear-bine and the lilac, the sturdy bur-dock and the spicy pink; marrying all by their separateness and individuality. We did not cavil with the mention of the particular weed and particular flower in the ninth verse, because the two are in general acceptance as representatives of culture and neglect, which is not the case with the holly-hock, pink, or gourd.‡

The mention of the fallen statue which ends this enumeration of objects is most happy. It may be asked, is this not a contradiction, when we before found fault with the poet for placing *singly* a number of objects before us? It may seem so at first sight; but, we reply, a statue, unlike a flower, can be produced by man's hands alone. It is therefore intimately connected with the presence of human life, find it where we may; and though we see no other signs of human agency at present, it tells, more distinctly than a product of nature, that it once, at least, was there. The green damp with which it is covered, the grass which has grown over and partially covered it, marks, too, the length of time that has elapsed since the place has been deserted of man. Besides, the marble carved into the human form and lying outstretched on the damp ground shocks us from the resemblance to ourselves and to our inevitable fate—to death. Consequently such object is most appropriately mentioned, as according with the spirit of the scene.

Part Second.—As we observed just now with re-

* A few verses further we have another example: what can be more comprehensive than

"No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;" notwithstanding which, we must still be told that whether in one who was "gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm," yet none was really there. This first line injures the verse.

† And these are all particular features!—Ed. L. G.

‡ We think the croaking of the frogs detracts from the awful loneliness. Besides, before it is said:

"No sound was heard except from far away."

gard to the rose and the thistle being commonly accepted as emblems of cultivation and neglect, so, when speaking of woe and "the common stroke of doom" to which we all are subject, the "narrow home" and "hearse and sable pall" are also accepted as the necessary and even characteristic attendants of that state which is the lot of humanity. When at such times we hear the word "coffin" mentioned, it does not recall to our minds the undertaker's shop, or the undertaker's man, or the black nails and cloth upon it, or, in short, any of the painful and disagreeably minute details incident on its making or bringing home. We think of it only as something denoting the presence of death. For however poor, or in whatever condition he who has ceased to breathe may be, this, at least, though of the coarsest make, is accorded him. Thus from its invariable connexion with death, and with death only, it has at last been taken as its representative. But this is not, indeed could not be, the case with any thing else not *invariably* present where death was; something used but on particular occasions, or under peculiar circumstances; something not absolutely necessary—according to the notions of civilised nations—accompanying the cessation of human life. Nor would a technical term for a coffin or its parts be the same as simply naming the thing itself. It might excite feelings of dread or repugnance to be set face to face with the reality in all its bareness, by thus leaving general terms for the particulars of the handiwork; just as would be the case if, instead of using the word "grave" as being the receptacle for mortality, we were to give the sexton's grave, with the operation of pickaxe and shovel, with particulars of the composition of the churchyard mould flung up in a heap and smelling of the charnel-house. The description might be perfect, but in this instance would be misplaced.

On the same principle we object to the last line of the second verse, where a something used by undertakers to rest coffins upon is introduced into the room where "domestic love" has suffered a severe loss. It is a great deformity. It was sufficient to hint at "all the dark solemnities which shew that death is in the dwelling," without describing the accessories in all their repugnant bare reality.

In the fourth and fifth verses we have again an enumeration of the creatures, as we before had of fruits and flowers, that have here taken up their undisturbed abode. Some, as the emmets, for example, marching on the very steps of the mansion, would call attention, even from a superficial observer; the place chosen is in itself so unnatural, and tells, even better than words, that "never foot upon that threshold fell, to enter or to issue." But who would look into the key-holes to see what was brooding there? Besides,

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

And in such a mood as a similar scene would inspire, one does not stop to think what a key-hole might contain; the mind is too occupied, too much "daunted" indeed by awe and mystery.

The first line of the ninth verse,

"But time was dumb within that mansion old,"

seems to us incorrect; time is always dumb, that is to say, he only speaks to us through the objects on which he has exercised his power, as the "corroded walls" and "the tattered flags." Had all been in pristine freshness, without a trace to mark his progress by, then he might be said to be dumb; but when all was "stained" and "fractured," when the fungus had quickened in the seams of the rotting floor, and "coats of dust" had thickened perennially on the oaken table, time was, so seemeth it to us at least, most eloquent. Moreover, in the same verse it is said the banners "told of former men and manners," marking consequently a "then" and "now."*

In the eleventh and twelfth verses we have again

* Later too we have "cabinets of ancient date."

a hint that the deserted mansion had witnessed some scene of violence; but still nothing is told with certainty, only that the screech of the owl is like the cry "she had heard some dying victim utter." The account of that shriek, and its progress through the passages of that great house, till it dies away in the distant chamber, and there "ceases its tale of murder," is a circumstance of horror as fearful as any one can well conceive. It excites and leaves full play to the imagination of the reader to suppose the untold—more dreadful even than what is related, admirably given as it is, and with wonderful effect.

Hood could exercise a marvellous power over the imagination when he chose to do so, as all he has written proves; but unhappily a startling rhyme was quite sufficient to seduce him and cause him to spoil what he had worthily begun. Nor could he reject a new image or a new idea when once it had occurred to him. The object described must be viewed on every side, and from every possible point; and no way is too long for him, no detour too great, if a pun or a double meaning is to be gained at last. As in *Miss Killmansegg*, he only leaves off when the subject is exhausted.

The "dolorous moans" and the "hollow sighings," the tremor which seizes on all things at the dreadful sound, the rattling of the armour, is all accordant with a haunted mansion. We do not think, however, the word "shuddered" can be correctly applied to any thing inanimate, as "the banner shuddered." We think so because to shudder is entirely and alone the effect of mind most frequently called forth by the imagination, although the affection displays itself in a physical result. It does not appear to us that this is the case with the word "tremble." That which trembles may have life, but it is not absolutely necessary that the mind should be worked upon or have ought to do with the effect produced. "Tremble" is more physical than "shudder."

The fourteenth verse is bad throughout. The branches of a forest, when stirred by a tempest, do not merely tremble, as the antlers did; they are tossed in all directions. The trembling of a stag, too, must be a very different movement from the branches of a tempest-tossed forest, yet here it is spoken of as the same thing. The antlers

"Stirred as the tempest stirred the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The bloodhound at his haunches."

As a *veneur*, we protest against the expression "trembled" as applied to the stag when the bloodhound is upon him. His first impulse is to make a vigorous effort to elude him, or to turn a dauntless front to the enemy and oppose him unto the death. The more imminent the peril, the calmer and more resolute the noble creature; but, tremble!—no, he never does; except, perhaps, when the shiver of death is creeping over his stiffening limbs. Thus much in justice to those who once ranged through forest and over the hills, but are now no more: whom we have stood over as they lay on the sward before us with feelings of exultation it is true, but with admiration too of the gallant bearing displayed to the very last.

How fine and impressive the description when "locked up" in uncertainty, instead of being expanded by minutiae, is again shewn by the eighteenth and nineteenth verses:

"The very stains and fractures on the wall,
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic."

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the bloody hand shone out,
So ominously vivid."

How much better such "hints" than more exact descriptions! It is uncertainty which constitutes the terrible; make all clear, and distinct, and perceptible, and the chief element of terror is gone.

The verses that follow do not "solve the doubt;" the bloody hand shines ominously on the dull banner; a sense of mystery pervades the mind, and

the imagination paints to itself some dreadful deed which may not be spoken of aloud.

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!"

It is said, we know, that rats will desert a falling house; but we did not know that they quitted those that were merely forsaken of man. We have ourselves seen a mansion that for years had been deserted, as much so, indeed, as though it were haunted, literally swarming with these animals. Moreover to mice has never been attributed this presentiment of coming danger, which it is asserted has been observed in rats on ships or in buildings over which destruction hovered. Other animals are mentioned in abundance that were not disturbed by the atmosphere of fear in which they breathed and moved; the centipede, the maggot, the earwig and her brood, the emmetts, the moth, the spider, the wood-louse, and various "nameless beetles," besides the toad, the lizard,* the slug, and the snail. We do not name the owl and bat, because they are the constant habitants of ruins, whether haunted or not, and, from association, their very mention imparts a feeling of gloom and loneliness. Nor did the sight of a rat ever, under any circumstances, lure our thoughts "into a social channel;" but on the contrary, always excited disgust and a wish for their removal. We think "the tiny mouse to squeak behind the panel," had better been omitted; there is something trivial, too, in the manner in which it is introduced.

In the verse which follows, we have a fine choice of epithet as well as of circumstance to be told,
"Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept."
Not "large," but "huge drops," were exuding from the walls as though even they were not insensible of

"that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver;"

but standing all lonely there, in "fear intense," and "horror and amazement," the clammy sweat of terror started from every pore.

The twenty-sixth verse displeases us for several reasons. Setting aside the total want of necessity for the introduction of the remark, that here "no hospitable tokens" were to be found—and who would expect them in such chambers as just described?—we have again to find fault with the detailed account of the different sorts of drinking vessels, of which no mark was here;—"no leathern jack," no "metal can," no "cup," no "horn;"—nor do we, to confess the truth, understand the meaning of "the social ties," now broken, alluded to in the same verse.

But it would seem as if the poet committed what certainly are faults, only to atone for them immediately after by passages of beauty or of power. How very finely is that dim and vague sense of something evil being near imparted to us by "foul rumour in the air," and "the shadow of a presence" that was "so atrocious!" It is such passages as these, when, as it were, we are "moving about in worlds not realised," that cause us to feel our spirit daunted, and strange and undefined misgivings to take possession of our mind.

Then the verse so often repeated falls again upon our ear, and the last portentous words that reach us are, "the place is haunted!"

Part Third.—This is without doubt the finest part of the poem; "a cloud of fear" hangs over the whole of it. Fearful and ghostly too, and moreover "significant of crime," are the shapes that present themselves before us. "Prophetic hints, that fill the soul with dread," excite the curiosity; but still all is left in a state of mystery that embarrasses and overwhelms us.

We are now told for the first time with any

thing like certainty, that some horrid murder has been committed here; making the neighbourhood still more fearful from having been the scene of an atrocious crime. But here the poet, unlike his method in the former parts, merely hints at a deed of blood; and, without giving the circumstances, here and there, only inadvertently as it were, lets fall a surmise which, half conjecture as it is, still serves to call up thoughts that make us shudder as they rise. They supply what was left untold, and make the tale of horror complete.

This is a grand secret in all recital. Something must be left for the reader himself to do; and therein lies the skill of the poet, that his words serve to kindle the imagination of his listeners, inciting them to fill up, each one according to his peculiar fancy, the spaces left in undefined obscurity; and thus by a wondrous spell making each one, for the moment at least, more or less a poet himself. The detail thus furnished will always be more congenial to the listeners' minds than any the poet could suggest; for each one has drawn from his own stores, and according to his peculiar tastes, or passions, or weaknesses, known only to himself. In the 1st and 2d Parts of this poem, the fault we find is, that the poet does all, and seldom leaves any thing for the reader to complete.

As yet we have only strayed through the rooms on the ground-floor of the building; we now mount the gloomy and lonely stairs to enter the upper chambers. The description of the reverberating sounds up "those dreary stairs," and the dread uncertainty he who ascends feels whether he be alone or not, has a powerful effect on the imagination:

"At every step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess
How many feet ascended."

Nor can any thing be more ghostly than the 2d line of the 5th verse:

"The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging."

Here we have an example, and moreover a very forcible one, of the difference in effect produced by minuteness in the narration of incidents, and by a contrary mode of proceeding where much is left involved in uncertainty. The "or something in its shape" affects the mind far more than any well-defined account of a supernatural creature could ever do; the "dark misgivings," again, possess us, nor is the fear they inspire to be shaken off.

The lines that follow, too, are admirably effective; not telling of any single thing that was there, but only of appearances that "seemed to be;" of sights that the eye "was prepared to see." The one particular verse is then again brought in, and no where with better effect. It returns from time to time sounding solemnly on the ear, lest a thought might arise not in accordance with the "prodigious ban," which weighed upon that deserted habitation.

The whole description of the old sorrowful portraits, their features overcast with "earnest woe," whose "souls were looking through their painted eyes," is in perfect accordance with a spot where one half expects to see at each turn "an apparition standing." Nor is the assertion that

"The old ancestral spirits knew and felt
The house's malediction,"

to be considered less bold and poetical, because, prepared as our minds are to hear any thing, the startling announcement does not immediately strike us with astonishment. There is no suggestion "as if" or "as though" the old ancestral spirits knew and felt, but it is at once daringly said they did so; and indeed there is somewhat so supernatural about them, we feel there is something so above "the compass of art's simulation" in their looks, that had they "stirred, or sighed, or spoken," it would not have seemed even strange.

In the 15th verse, where the furniture of the lone chamber is described, we have an instance of the introduction of one of those chance circum-

* Would not this answer the first note and query?—
Ed, L, G.

stances in which Hood was at times so very happy.* The storied hangings had all faded and dropped away save one ragged part, and on this bit was seen Cain slaying Abel. No remark whatever is made on this circumstance, no comment to call the reader's attention; but the portentous history is left to interpret its own dark omen.

The only thing that has preserved its colour is the bloody hand which, "significant of crime," glares forth in its unimpaired crimson from the heraldic banner. The arras trembles inexplicably, and mystical echoes awake through the rooms. There are situations, when we attach a peculiar dread to certain places, and have a presentiment that the evil or subject of fear, whatever it may be, is connected with a particular spot more intimately than with any other. We cannot account for the "secret inspiration" or the "prophetic hints that fill the soul with dread;" we are as much at a loss to do so, as we are incapable of shaking off those feelings of uneasiness that at such times creep over us.

The state of mind which impels us onward almost even against our will, fascinating our looks and our very thoughts, and attracting both in one particular direction, is given with few words, and with masterly power, in the twenty-second verse. We stand spell-bound before "the interdicted room," and we shudder at the very thought of entering, for "that chamber is the ghostly!"

We wish most heartily that the two verses which follow were away; for with their enumeration of the different cobwebs which were not to be found in the doorway or "about its nooks and hinges," the fine general effect is broken in upon, and the train of thought, pervaded as it was by a sense of the strange and unnatural, suffers an interruption. Then come the insects separately named, of which no traces were to be seen in the chamber; each one, as we read, aiding to draw the mind away from the principal features, and to occupy it with unimportant detail. Moreover, the word "banished" is only employed to afford a rhyme to the fourth line of the verse; for "banished" the insects were not: they "shunned" instinctively the accursed spot. And it is this very instinct that gives significance to the circumstance of their absence; without it, or if driven away ("banished"), the fact would be immaterial, and not worthy of observation.

Our censure is confined to these two verses. These are the only things in the third Part of this fine work of genius which we could wish otherwise. Henceforward unto the end all is masterly as it can be. The boards "obscurely spotted to the door," "and thence in mazy doubles to the grated casement;" the "fear intense," hinted at as being felt by some victim "in the dead of night," and dodging in his flight from door to window while "striving for dear existence;" all this is to us so very terrible, so full of horror, that it is a relief, an almost necessary relief, to fling open our window that the bright sun and the refreshing air of the morning may enter our chamber.

In reading the last verses we feel oppressed: we do not breathe with the same freedom and regularity as is our wont—a something weighs us down and is obtaining the mastery over us against our will. A nightmare has hold of us, and sits suffocatingly on our chest, even though awake; nor do we feel better and at ease till we shut the book, rise, and go into the cheerful daylight beneath the open sky.

The dreadful conjectures are stopped short by a ghostly shadow flitting by. What it was we are not told; it passes along the wall dim and indistinct, and we are left to determine with ourselves

* In that exquisite poem, *The Plea of the Midsommer Fairies*, the mention of the circumstances attendant on Sir Thomas Gresham's childhood is most felicitous. Reality is here blended with the ideal so charmingly, that we find the truth even made still more pleasing from being allied with fiction; and the fiction gains an interest from its being linked to truth.

* The lizard, he it said *en passant*, loves sunny places, and to bask in the bright beams, and not to creep on "a damp hearth and chilly." If the merry cricket had left the spot, the lizard would, certainly, not have remained behind.

whether it be or be not the "shrieking spirit" returned once more to the scene of murder:

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!"

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

Heinrich Theodor Rötischer.

"Möchte diese Arbeit einer dauernden Vertiefung auch den Boden der deutschen Bühne durchfurchen und eine Umgestaltung zeitigen helfen, der sich alle tieferen Geister der Nation entgegensehen. Die Wissenschaft hat den einen Schritt gethan, möchte die Wirklichkeit beweisen, dass die erstere das Recht hatte, jetzt schon ihre strengen Forderungen gebieterisch auszusprechen."*

It is with these words that Professor Rötischer concludes the dedication of one of his later works to his kind friend Alexander von Humboldt. And verily we know no one whose exertions in literature have more entitled him to look forward confidently to the future; no one whose endeavours may so powerfully aid in bringing about that regeneration which every one, sensible of the importance of the drama, and of its present degradation, must so ardently desire. He, indeed, has, to use his own expression, deeply "furrowed" in the soil he would wish to see bringing forth its wholesome fruits abundantly; and though the next succeeding seasons may not shew a perceptible increase in the richness of the harvest, it is utterly impossible that such culture, such scientific culture, can fail, ere long, to produce the very happiest results.

It is with singular propriety that the book from which we have made the above quotation is dedicated to that man who has won from Nature her secrets, and who, by means of the highest powers of language, has laid them open to the human mind.† Not, however, merely because such a one may be supposed to consider a work like the present, striving, as it does, to fathom the secret depths of character in all its various forms, and, like grand organisations of nature, to comprehend the highest creations of fancy in their vital principle,§—not, we say, because he might be inclined to consider such a work as coming within his own comprehensive province, but rather from the circumstance that the aim of the two men is essentially the same: to shew, namely, the wondrous harmony and unity of intention which pervade the respective worlds in which each has been labouring.

And any one who has studied Rötischer diligently cannot fail to be struck, when reading the preface and introductory observations to *Kosmos*, by the very great resemblance between the grand views therein exposed and those which it has also been his constant endeavour to spread abroad and to elucidate. The fundamental principles on which Rötischer takes his stand might, in numerous instances, be illustrated by the very words in which Humboldt displays his conceptions of nature with all the infinite appearances of the physical world.

Nor will it surprise us that it should be so, when we observe how similar is the plan which each one has marked out for himself to pursue. Moreover, "the first and most exalted aim of mental activity is an inner one: the discovery, namely, of the laws of nature."|| It is quite indifferent what branch of human knowledge we may choose for our study, fundamental principles are what we should seek for to aid and guide us in our researches. On this point the views of both men are alike. All the energies of Humboldt have been directed to this end: to "the thorough investigation of the regular organisation of things; to the obtaining an

insight into the necessary connexion of all the changes in the universe."* But, nevertheless, "the individual (das Einzelne) is only considered in its relation to the whole as a part of the created world."† In like manner Rötischer: "Every character is a peculiar being complete in itself—a world of its own, as it were—but which, through the general elements of which it is formed, is connected with all other beings of the same species, standing with them on one common ground."‡ But he also feels, too, that "the power of the imagination to form a character will verily suffer no diminution if we gain an insight into its organisation and into the laws by which its life is governed."

Indeed all Rötischer's writings tend to the development of broad general principles; and though he is well aware that the creations of the imagination, animated by the breath of genius, assume a form and spring spontaneously into existence, he still insists that if they are to last, and have an enduring worth, they must accommodate themselves to prescribed laws, which will tolerate no departure from them with impunity.

The various works of Rötischer on "dramatic art" may in reality be said to constitute the *Kosmos* of this particular world.

We cannot pretend to say how far the mind of Prof. Rötischer may have been influenced by the investigations of Humboldt, or whether it has been so at all. But we can hardly believe that the researches and consequent deductions of the great natural philosopher, which during a half-century have been made known to the world, can have been without effect on the mind of any man earnestly endeavouring to penetrate the obscurity which hangs around the springs of knowledge. No matter whether it be in art or in science that we are striving to arrive at conclusions, to reconcile what seem contraries, and bound by no law: the mind of Humboldt is so vast, its emanations of such general application, that the poet, as well as the mathematician, may feel himself enriched by their possession.

In a work of Prof. Rötischer's published in 1837, and throughout the introductory remarks, we find passages corresponding with, nay, resembling in a manner at first sight quite surprising, various parts of Humboldt's *Kosmos*, which has appeared quite recently. We refer to this subject again here, not for the sake of proving how similarly the minds of the two men are constituted, but to shew that if Rötischer has been influenced in his views by those of the naturalist, it is not an occurrence of yesterday, but that, as in the hidden workings of nature, the maturing process has been going on for years.

But enough has been said by way of preface, which, however, we felt to be necessary, in order to exhibit our view of the position which Professor Rötischer occupies among the literary men of the day.

The work with which we purpose beginning our remarks is the first of a series of treatises on "the Philosophy of Art" (*Abhandlungen zur Philosophie der Kunst*). The drama, the characters and construction of which he undertakes to investigate, is one of the grandest that the mind of genius ever produced: *King Lear* of Shakspeare. It is preceded by a dissertation on "the relation of the Philosophy of Art and of Criticism to the individual work of Art." And it is absolutely necessary that we occupy ourselves with the views herein developed, before proceeding one step farther.

The intention of Prof. Rötischer in this dissertation is, to shew not only in how far philosophic investigation may be applied to a work of art, but, above all, to prove the absolute necessity of such, in order to arrive at a thorough comprehending and just appreciation of art in general. He is anxious to display how every genuine work of art enjoys separate and independent existence; explanation of which, if sought, is to be found but in itself alone: that it has, too, rights, inalienable rights,

which have been long disregarded or misunderstood, and which he makes it his care to maintain and to vindicate. He does not measure a work of art by the antiquated standard of "truth to nature;" he looks upon it as a world of its own, "where," in the words of Schelling, "the real and the ideal are united," and in which the mysterious unity of the finite and the infinite is disclosed. To view art but as a mere imitation of nature would be incompatible with his perception that "the visible form of a work of art is begotten of the idea, whose omnipresence it reveals like a body wholly pervaded and given shape to by the soul alone."

He shews clearly that, "as long as philosophy had failed to penetrate to and recognise the absolute principles of art, and to arrive at a consciousness of the unity that exists between the idea contained in the work and the visible form in which the work appears, so long did the great artists and poets of all ages offer more in their creations than the philosophising mind was capable of seizing. There was therefore a disparity between the two; and on the artist's side a something was always remaining, which evaded any solution that speculation could furnish. But what was thus left was at the same time the living soul itself, whose presence, it is true, was felt, but which, in spite of many judicious attempts, could not be traced back to its vital source, nor followed through its process of formation."

It may be thought a hazardous undertaking to endeavour thus to penetrate the mysterious charm which hangs around the great works of genius: a rash attempt which risks only to destroy the spell. But, in the words of Humboldt on a similar matter, "we cannot give way to the fear which either narrow views or certain sentimental feelings of melancholy seem to cherish, that with any research into the inner nature of the different powers, nature itself will lose aught of its magical effect, or its charm of the mysterious and the sublime."* We trust, too, that every reader, before he arrive at the end of this paper, will be of the same opinion with regard to art.

Let it not, however, be imagined for a moment that the criticism of Prof. Rötischer is such as to make the ethereal spirit fly affrighted from similar investigation, leaving behind a mere soulless body for the curious eye to pry into and examine. On the contrary, it is with the ethereal spirit he has most to do; striving always to follow it on unseen paths, or, like a magician, to conjure it to take upon itself some palpable shape of beauty, and, obedient to his call, to appear before him. By some, indeed, unaccustomed to such train of reasoning, his thoughts may even perhaps be found too evanescent and incorporeal; yet he trends not on air, but has firm ground to stand upon; "a land of beauty," as he says, on which such thoughts as we have spoken of "did in reality first plant the banner, as a sign that henceforth it was to be considered as a possession of the divine spirit. What was now thus proclaimed as the indestructible foundation, the searching and constructing mind carried still further; and it was in this way that the newly discovered land gained its living population and its cities and palaces, built up with the stone-work of philosophic thought."

Every one may perceive from the numerous discoveries made of late in the physical world, and which, by the by, are characteristic of the age,† how necessary it is to occupy oneself with the concrete, with the particular in science, in order to arrive at just conclusions when regarded as a whole. And from the wonderful manner in which all things are intimately connected, such investigation becomes a double gain; for while we fathom the nature of the one component part, all the rest become

* "May this work, the result of long-continued study, assist in furrowing the ground of the German stage, and in bringing about a transformation which all the profounder minds of the nation await with longing. Science has made the first step; may the reality prove that the former had the right, even now already, authoritatively to assert its rigorous claims."

† Cycles dramatischer Characteres.

‡ See dedication. § Ibid. || *Kosmos*, b. i. s. 37.

* *Kosmos*, b. i. s. 37. † Ibid. b. i. s. 40.

* *Kosmos*, b. i. s. 19.

† "Every particular time has its peculiar task. This method of occupying oneself with art is thoroughly in accordance with the time."—Rötischer, 1837.

"An equal appreciation of all the parts comprehended in the study of nature is especially a necessity of the present time."—Humboldt, 1845.

illuminated and more intelligible. The researches on the several phenomena of light, of magnetism, and electricity; the revelations made us by a Faraday or a Liebig, have shewn us how marvellously a thorough knowledge of the essence of even the apparently most insignificant object tends to explain the laws which govern the universe.

And thus it is with art. Here the concrete is the work itself. What, then, have we to do? To leave the abstract idea of art, and, occupying ourselves with the form in which it now appears to us, the individual work, namely, which a free poetical imagination has brought forth,—to endeavour here to find again and comprehend those vital principles on which the conception of art, taken generally, is founded. The peculiar shape it assumes will, of course, depend on the particular province of art, and the general laws of that province in which it may appear. But be it what it may, in it will always be, modified according to circumstances, what may be termed the pervading thought of the whole.

But it is just in the form which it assumes, the outward form, as perceptible to our senses, that this pervading thought shews itself. The first requisite, therefore, of the philosophically investigating mind is, to be able to lift this "concrete thought" from out the world of living forms, and to retain it with a firm grasp. That this would be considered by many as too hard a demand, we are well aware at, and is a circumstance we shall allude to later.

"It appears to us no unfitting image," says Ritscher, "if we compare this first moment of philosophical activity in the treatment of the work of art to a breaking to pieces of the form, by which really the beautifully conjoined structure is for the moment decomposed. At first, the whole man is possessed by the work of art, and is, so to say, satiated by its abundant fullness; but, as a spiritual being, he feels the profounder necessity of arriving at a consciousness of the nature of his delight, and thus to sanction it to himself. This very spirit, then, necessarily impels him to break the costly vase, in order, undazzled by its splendour and beauty, to gaze on it in its purity." "The beautiful body of the work of art is therefore to be destroyed in order to find its beating heart. By so doing, the thinker takes the place of Minerva, who from the body of Dionysus Zagreus, torn in pieces by the Titans, saved the still palpitating heart. And it is particularly for the preservation of this vital part, and with it the vitality of the whole, that all activity is to be exerted." And the doing this is the first important act in the process so begun.

But as when by means of refraction we have unravelled the composition of a sunbeam, we afterwards give it back its pristine unity, that it may shine on in all its genial warmth and vivifying power; so "the form, which for a moment has been broken, must be again restored. The spirit which banished itself voluntarily from the land of beauty, and from the circle of living forms, now returns, in order, with a feeling of self-consciousness, to live in this world, and understand its language and its sounds."

The two are now again united, as intimately united as the soul and body in the breathing man. But, unlike a body of "too solid flesh," this one is subject to none of the ills which disturb the calm of the mortal frame: it has no nerves and tendons, "it is one which has acquired this positive form by the power of artistic enthusiasm, and, by its plastic faculty, a form of which it may be said, 'it has cast aside every evidence of human neediness.'"

ARMENIAN LITERATURE.

Aghvessan iev Ghakavin.

The Fox and the Quail: a Fable, imitated from Varian.

A fox, once prowling for his food
Beside the borders of a wood,
Observed a quail 'mid tufts reposed,
Her eyes in gentle slumber closed;

When creeping onward where she lay,
With spring unerring seized his prey.
Borne in his mouth, with panting breath,
To a snug covert on the heath,
The quail for freedom sued and prayed—
This art devised—that effort made:
But, ah! in vain; with piteous look,
At length out in remonstrance broke:

"Reynard, since heedless every prayer
I've urged that thou my life wouldst spare,
Shouldst thou, for such a dainty given,
Not offer thanks to bounteous Heaven?—
For quails, say epicures, are things
Served at the board of mighty kings!—
Thou then mightst like a monarch dine,
Hallowed the feast by grace divine."

"Right," muttered he; "whence blessings flow
'Tis fit that reverence we shew."
This said, his jaws he opened wide,
Dropt her with caution by his side;
And as aloft he raised his head,
The watchful quail her pinions spread,
And in an instant sped her flight
Safely to scenes of past delight.
Thus oft, when force and reasoning fail,
Presence of mind and wit prevail."

MUSIC.

The Music-Book. No. V. "In a drear-nighted December." Words by Keats; Music by Edward Loder. No. VI. "When along the light ripple." Words by R. M. Milnes; Music by M. W. Balfie. No. VII. "Oh, how hard it is to find." Words by Campbell; Music by T. G. Reed. No. VIII. "Love me if I live." Words by Barry Cornwall; Music by Mrs. G. A. à Beckett. No. IX. "The voyage of fancy" duet. Words by Mark Lemon; Music by Frank Romer.

No V. is dreary enough; we can scarcely fancy that the able composer of the *Night Dancers* could write any music so unpleasing. No. VI. is light and graceful. No. VII. would have been better with less repetition; nevertheless, the air is pretty, and the accompaniment good. No. VIII. is one of Mrs. à Beckett's sweetest compositions. No. IX., although with the same fault as No. VII. in regard to repetitions, is an excellently arranged duet. In our previous notice of this work we neglected to mention the wrapper designed by Doyle, which is very clever.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The pantomime, *St. George and the Dragon*, rather dragged its slow length along on the first night, but has since been improved, and goes better with Payne and Wieland. It belongs, however, to a class somewhat different from the genuine old pantomime.

Haymarket.—Here Mr. Planché has dramatised Mad. D'Anois' tale of *Prince Lutin* in a manner almost to eclipse the most popular of his preceding productions of the same fairy extravaganza class. Of its kind, indeed, it seems to be the perfection; spirited, amusing, witty, and put upon the stage with every accessory that can render it effective. It is so good, that it seems to be about as great a pleasure to the actors to perform, as for the spectators to witness it. *Leander*, the invisible prince, and hero of the piece, is played by Miss P. Horton in an admirable style; and Bland is not less entertaining in the part of the *Infante Furibond*. Miss Julia Bennett makes a capital princess to be won by magic feats; and Miss Reynold is as pert and impudent a *soubrette* as the drama need require. Mrs. S. Buckingham, Mrs. Caulfield, and including a little bit of fun of Mr. Clark, all the rest of the caste are very complete, and nothing can exceed the *éclat* of the pieces from beginning to end.

Princess's.—The *Seven Maids of Munich* we missed seeing last week, having found the theatre closed on the Tuesday evening; but we have since cleared up our leeway, and added the pantomime of the *Enchanted Beauties*. Of Mr. Rodwell's musi-

* In the original, upon obtaining her release, the quail is made to say to the fox: "Ah, simpleton, thou shouldst have devoured me, and then returned thanks to God; which, being thought in bad taste, has been omitted by the translator."

cal romance we need not say much; as, with the exception of Miss Sara Flower, there is hardly any musical talent here at present to support it. Some of the ballads, however, are so pretty, that they would be popular any where, and executed almost any how. The pantomime is very comic and laughable: the true end of all such compositions. With one of the cleverest of clowns (though he will talk a little too much), a good harlequin and a handsome columbine; plenty of tricks, and tumbles, and transformations, our young holiday friends will be able to pass a merry evening at the Princess's.

The *Adelphi* on Saturday converted the *Phantom Dancers* into an after-piece, and produced a new melodrama under the title of *Colomba*. The plot is based on a tale by Prosper Mérimée, depicting Corsican manners and customs; and the main incident in the piece is a feud between the Della Rebbia and Barricini families. Madame Celeste as *Colomba*, and How as her brother, represent the former family, whose father has been slain by the latter, for which offence they are in the end exterminated. Mrs. Yates, as a romantic young lady, and Wright her footman, with Selby, as the French *prêt*, perpetually endeavouring "to procure a reconciliation between the cut-throat houses," were all excellent; and when we add to this, O. Smith constantly talking Latin to people who don't understand it, and Miss Woolgar singing snatches of wild song, our readers will not be surprised to learn that the applause continued long after the curtain fell.

On Saturday, at the *Lyceum* a pantomime was produced by way of novelty, called the *Butterfly's Ball*, in which the scenery and appointments are most lavish; some of the changes, too, are very elaborate. We may mention the stage coach of 1826 to the locomotive of 1846, and Trafalgar Square to the British fleet. J. Collier is an excellent clown, and his amputating a wooden leg perfectly irresistible to the full grown and to the youngsters. The Lauri family, and Child's magic lantern, seemed to be equally acceptable.

Sadler's Wells.—In our enumeration of pantomimes we had omitted the harlequinade of *Harlequin and a Happy New-Year*, produced at this theatre, and performed every night to the entire satisfaction of its audiences.

The Olympic.—After *Great Shore*, a pantomime called *King Alfred the Great* was produced here, with a fair company of popular pantomimists, who went through their evolutions with applause.

Astley's, with its usual spirit, has also produced a Christmas piece, in which all the strength of the house is engaged, to the great delight of holiday visitors.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ANGEL-WATCH, OR THE SISTERS.

A DAUGHTER watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed:
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
"Sleep, duteous child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee!"
Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not;
But gently took her place;
And oh, so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel-guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.
Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown;
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl;
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl!

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen;
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between.

O human love, what strength like thine?
From these those prayers arise
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold—
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder shewed the curtain'd bed,—
The still and sickly room:
"My daughter!—art thou there, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried;
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide;
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"
The angel kissed her; and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound,
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms!
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace—
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

CHARLES SWAIN.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

SAILING up the stream of Time,
O how fair all things appear!
In that warm and genial clime,
O how bright each glad new year!
Smiling skies and smiling tide,
Smiling friends on every side,
O how rapidly we glide
Mid the roses, Hope our guide,
Flying fast, sweet Hope! the silver oar
To Joy's sunny shore!

Drifting down the stream of Time,
O how chang'd all things appear!
In that cold and cloudy clime,
O how dark each sad new year!
Weeping skies and sullen tide,
Beck'ning ghosts on every side,
O how rapidly we glide
Mid the thorns, Despair our guide,
Flying fast, too fast, the ebony oar
To Death's night-black shore!

ELEANOR DABBY.

DEATH'S BRIDE.

DEATH is preparing his bride for the wedding,
And gives a red glow to the cheek that was white;
And the beautiful eyes that were bitter tears shedding
Are lit with a glowering, a glistening light.

And then, to the vision of mortals unseen,
A garland he twines in her long golden hair:
The nightshade and ivy, though no longer green,
And a lily, all broken and withered, are there.

Meanwhile the bride, her wan mock'd cheek press'd
To her pillow, her eyes looking out on the sun,
Is murmuring a sad song to lull her to rest—
Soft, soft, as when brooks through the long branches run.

Gently, oh gently, your bridegroom is making
A home for thee there where the organ's deep hum
Will roll o'er thy head, through the still silence breaking:
Gently, oh gently, the bridegroom is come.

G. F. FRANCIS.

VARIETIES.

Irish Fisheries.—We rejoice to see the prospect of a promising plan for the employment of the Irish coast-population in fisheries. For them, hitherto, the dietary wealth of the ocean has abounded to but little use. Let us hope that capital will flow to this undertaking, and a new and great source of productiveness be cultivated on a large scale, both for the sake of Ireland and the British empire.

Mr. Thomas Grenville's Library has been left to the National Collection in the British Museum, with the exception of such mss. as his grand-nephew the Duke of Buckingham may select as connected with his valuable collection at Stowe. It was only last year that Mr. Grenville added this codicil to his will, altering the previous destination of the whole library as a family heir-loom; and the reason he assigns is, that having long enjoyed a public pension, he has deemed it right to bequeath this property to the public.

General Conveyance Company.—This is truly an improving age, and we wonder how far the force of Economics can be carried. Here is a new com-

pany, not only projected, but, we hear, almost completely formed; the objects of which are, to convey passengers by 500 omnibuses, of a novel and convenient construction, drawn daily by 4000 horses, and at the moderate charge of less than one penny per mile. With this scheme is to be combined a safe and immediate parcels-delivery, according to weight, at from a halfpenny upwards; and yet on the basis of a moderate calculation, laid down in tables, it would appear that a very large interest would accrue to the proprietors of this immense establishment. That the public will be great gainers by it is so clear that we must wish it success; and if their reward be only a tenth part of what the estimates shew to be probable, the projectors will have no cause to complain of a want of profit in doing an important popular service.

Vanity Fair, No. 1, by W. M. Thackeray, has just been added to our serials; and we have only at a glance time to say, that it opens in a full vein of that amusing gentleman's humour, is extremely naïve and characteristic, and bids fair to be one of his most popular productions.

Surgical Operations rendered Painless.—Such is declared to be the effect of a new discovery, imported from America, and successfully copied in this country, by means of which the extraction of teeth, the amputation of limbs, the removal of ulcers, and other surgical operations, are performed during the temporary insensibility of the patient, produced by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. An apparatus is contrived for the purpose of administering the ether, and in a very few minutes the party becomes insensible to pain, and remains in that state sufficiently long for the curative process to be performed. The whole, according to the testimony given, appears to be effected as if in the condition of a dream.

Two ancient British shields are stated to have been found in good preservation under the Fen soil, near Covey, Suffolk. They are circular, about 22 inches in diameter, and one of them ornamented with concentric circles stamped in the metal, and the other with intertwining serpents. The handles of both are perfect, and there are remains of bronze holes for straps riveted on the inside. It is probable that they were lost by the upsetting of a canoe, as canoes have been found imbedded in the Fen soil of the neighbourhood. They have been secured for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society.—*Bury Post*.

Callander, Nov.—We understand by a traveller, that the influx of visitors during the past season to the beautiful scenery of the Trossachs has so far increased beyond the ordinary means of accommodation at the well known and comfortable, as far as it admitted, inn of Ardenchrochan, that the noble proprietors are immediately to enlarge, on a design suitable to the locality and commensurate to the increase of visitors, this small establishment; and it is not improbable that another steamboat next year, of very superior power and accommodation, will be found traversing the Loch Katrine.

The Parish-Beadle.—It was evident that he (Mr. Nupkins) was on duty; for he had on his beadle's gown, wore his beadle's cocked hat, and wielded his beadle's staff,—that awful emblem, which more peculiarly vouched for his high office, and, when needed, could help to maintain its authority, as many a poor vagrant's head could bear witness. Even if these significant types and tokens of hostile intent had been wanting, there was an official frown upon his face that could not be mistaken: it told as plainly as any words could do, that the wearer thereof knew he had an important task before him, and would do his duty to the utmost. (From the little work called "January Eve," already favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette*.)

John Simpson, Esq.—We lament to announce the death of this able artist, at his residence in Carlisle Street, Soho, on Wednesday, and in his 64th year. He might almost be called the right hand of Sir Thomas Lawrence, when at the height of his pro-

fessional practice, and after his death painted many portraits of very considerable merit—not far excelled, in fact, by any of his contemporaries. His style was at once solid and pleasing, and his art, generally speaking, of a superior order both for intelligence and execution.

Storm in Italy.—A storm of excessive violence occurred at Genoa on the 12th ult. The mercury fell suddenly, and the tempest immediately followed, injuring and wrecking some of the vessels in the harbour, and causing the loss of thirteen men there, besides the ravages committed all along the coast.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Productive Farming, by J. A. Smith, 4th edit. 12mo, sewed, 2s.—Offices of Prayer, by T. Waddell, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Monasticism Diocesan Exoniensis, by G. Oliver, D.D., fol. 4t.—The Whole Art of Curing, Pickling, &c., by J. Robinson, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—The Coins of England, printed in Gold, Silver, and Copper, embossed vellum, 24 Plates, 18s.—Posthumous and other Poems, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo, 5s.—Quin's Historical Atlas, new edit. 4to, half-bd. 3l. 3s.; folio maps on canvass, 3l. 15s.—Ingoldsby Legends, 3d Series, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Marquis of Wellesley's Memoirs, 3 vols. 8vo, 2l. 2s.—A Canoe-Voyage up the Minnay Sotor, by G. W. Featherstonhaugh, 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.—Dr. Rontling's Abstract of Medical Sciences, Vol. IV. July to December, post 8vo, 6s. 6d.—European Library: Ching-Mars; an Historical Romance, by Count A. De Viray, 3s. 6d.—The Work-Table Magazine, by Mrs. Mee and Miss Austin, No. 1, 1s. 6d.—A Little Book of Christmas Carols, with Melodies, small 4to, 4s.—Nursery Rhymes, with the Old Tunes, small 4to, 5s.—Azeth the Egyptian; a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Examination Questions in Burnett's Articles, 12mo, bds. 1s. 6d.—Trench's Hulsean Lectures for 1846, 8vo, 5s.—Worsley on the Province of Intellect in Religion, 7s. 6d.—Glances of Truth as it is in Jesus, by Rev. O. Winslow, 12mo, 5s.—Alford's Plain Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—The Ministry of the Body, by Rev. R. W. Evans, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—Barnes' Commentary on the New Testament, 5 vols. 18s.—New Chapter of Kings, cloth, gilt edges, 3s.—Robinson Crusoe, 8vo, with 300 illustrations, 8s.—Martin's Every-day Knowledge for the Young, 18mo, 3s.—Pinnock's Astronomy made Easy, new edit. 18mo, 1s. 6d.—The Prisoner of Ham, by F. T. Briffault, 8vo, 12s.—A Literary Melange, in Prose and Verse, by S. Whiting, 2 vols. post 8vo, 15s.—Roediger's Hebrew Grammar, by M. Stuart, 12s.—James's Works, Vol. XI. The King's Highway, 8vo, 8s.—Bohn's Library: Life of Benvenuto Cellini, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Griffin's Chemical Recreations, new edit. 18mo, bds. 7s. 6d.—Wright's Cream of Knowledge, new edit. 18mo, 8s.—Napier's Florentine History, Vol. III. post 8vo, 9s.—The Works of George Sand, by Matilda M. Hays, Part I. 2s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1847.	h. m. a.	1847.	h. m. a.
Jan. 3 . . .	12 4 11.4	Jan. 6 . . .	12 6 0.5
4 . . .	4 39.3	7 . . .	6 26.7
5 . . .	5 6.7	8 . . .	6 52.5
6 . . .	5 33.8		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—Why does Sir Christopher Hatton, in his correspondence with Queen Elizabeth, sign himself 'Lyddes'? Perhaps the following is the reason; at any rate, it offers a possible explanation. Hatton and the Queen may have been accustomed to use a cipher or secret writing, in which vowels were represented by other vowels, and consonants by other consonants. On comparing the two names together, you will see that this condition is satisfied.

HATTON.

LYDDES.

I am, sir, your constant reader,

AN ANTIQUARIAN.*

P.S. The numerous punning allusions to water shew that the name of Sir Walter Raleigh was pronounced Sir Water Raleigh. Hence we see why the diminutive of *Water* is *Wat* (for instance, in Wat Tyler). Nay, the sporting on words does not end here; for it is probable that Henneage told the Queen he had brought her, as usual, a little bouquet from Hatton, and then produced a little bucket. Her Majesty, we may suppose, was surprised, but immediately comprehended the allusion, and replied, "Tell him this water shall not drown him."

"Ein Deutscher" is thanked; but we have had enough of that play.

Holiday apologies for all imperfections visible on a new year's printed sheet. Our next shall be "all compact" and every serried rank well closed up.

* Sir H. Nicolas explains it with reference to his eye-ids.—Ed. L. G.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATENT WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—

E. J. DENT, by Appointment, Watchmaker to the Queen, respectfully sends from the Public an inspection of his stock of WATCHES, which has been greatly increased to meet the many purchases at this season of the Year. Ladies' Gold Watches, at 5s. 6d. Beautifully enamelled case, 12s. 10s. Excellent Gentlemen's Gold Watches, 10s. 10s. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in 4 holes, 6s. 6d. each. Youth's Silver Watches, 4s. 4s. each.

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For the convenience of parties wishing to assure for a specific sum without a prospective bonus, a new table at lower rates has been calculated; on which, as well as on the participating scale, one-half the premium may remain on interest at five per cent for five years, thus enabling a person to insure his life for 1000*l.* on the immediate payment of the premium for 500*l.* only.

The following are the annual premiums for the assurance of 1000*l.* for the whole life, one half of which may remain for five years by merely paying the interest annually at five per cent; and should the policy become a claim in the interim, the amount due will be deducted—

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December, 1846. JOHN BIGG, Sec.

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MISS MARTINEAU.—In the CRITIC.

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London, Dec. 31, 1846. THOMAS WRIGHT, Secretary.

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